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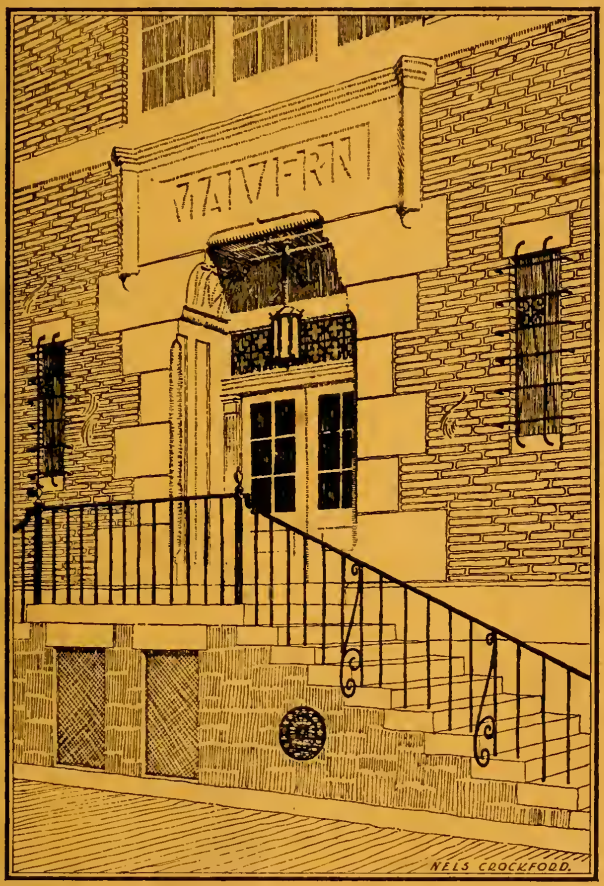

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TORONTO • MARCH • 1932

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MALVERN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

TORONTO, MARCH, 1932

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

WHEN this volume gets into your hands you will probably be thinking about the Easter examinations. Therefore, can I better use this space than by reminding you how to study, and by pointing out the difference between study and cramming? Cramming loads your brain with ideas partly understood and unrelated to other ideas in your mind. They are useless and soon fade from the memory. On the other hand studying consists of taking ideas, comparing them with other ideas, and applying them.

The first requisite for study is concentration. Probably more failures are due to lack of concentration than to any other cause. There is probably no student who has not the wish to learn, but there are many who have not sufficient will-power to pay the price. Their Wish-bones are all right but they have weak Back-bones. They may strengthen their back-bones by thinking of the serious consequences of failure, by determining not to fail whatever the cost, by avoiding day-dreaming and by promptly checking mind-wandering. To aid in concentration you must be comfortable. Sitting at a table is better than in an arm-chair. You must avoid all distractions; you must have a quiet room and see that there is no glare from the light.

Next in importance is interest; in fact if the interest in the subject is sufficiently strong, concentration will follow. When reading make sure you understand the meaning of each section. Reproduce the thought in your own words, if necessary make notes. Before putting away the book reconstruct the whole lesson, re-reading any part that is not perfectly clear to you.

Next to interest in the aids to study comes review—the daily review of each lesson taken up during the day. It will take but a few moments; you can do it on your way to or from school and during lunch periods.

It is not what goes into your mind that counts, but what comes out of it. What comes out of it is your own and is the only part that stays in your memory. You have made it your own by thinking about it, by reconstructing it, and by giving expression to it.

—CARL LEHMANN.

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EDITORIAL

APPRECIATION

HOW many of us ever pause to consider the greatness of the effort put forth in providing schools for us? We should realize that public funds make provision for our modern buildings, their furnishings and the grounds on which they stand. After the cost of construction comes the maintenance, and when we take into account the caretakers, the repairs, water, gas, electricity and the many other supplies we can realize somewhat the extent of the work, the time and money which is expended on us. The sum of the annual salaries of teachers and instructors would probably astonish most of us. We can understand by reflecting on the cost of this vast endeavour how great a burden our citizens bear so that we may be educated properly. At present our public and collegiate schools open the way to all culture for every student disposed to pursue learning. In addition, we are given time and support to enable us to take advantage of this tuition. If we wish to discover just how fortunate we are to be given this opportunity to develop our abilities, we need only to compare ourselves to one who must leave school and go to work at an early age. Our days do not become tedious nor monotonous. At Malvern we have a very short school day, with frequent changes and variations; we have several courses to choose from and are not forced by necessity to enter into something we dislike. This is only one example of the advantages we enjoy which one who has to begin earning his living without a fair education is deprived of.

That is one side of the question—the parents' and the taxpayers'. We shall consider our part. In the first place, we are too easily satisfied to take the matter for granted. Secondly, we are not always fair to ourselves. In return for these grants we should be consistent in our regularity and punctuality; our future depends on the foundation which we are now building and we should be only too eager to gain as much knowledge as possible while the time and place permits.

The universality of education to-day as an integral part of the upbringing of youth embraces a field that far surpasses any earlier system and seeks to provide for the needs of our future. Moral training is recognized as being the first aim of education and therefore our schools, especially our public schools, take the responsibility of teaching us the fundamentals of good citizenship. Scholarship alone does not command the highest prizes, but when connected with social and

recreational activities as it is in our collegiates and colleges we are given a combination which results in the moulding of the character to recognize the finer things in life as well as training us for our vocation. It is our future, then, that our citizens are looking forward to, and no worthier cause was ever sponsored. Our thanks should be returned accordingly.

—DAVE MCNULTY.

A MUSE STAFF MEETING

(Or, Dramatic Moments in the Life of a Great Magazine)

ACT I

Scene: Any Fifth Form classroom, provided that it contains two or more members of the Muse staff. The teacher is somewhere out of sight.

Time: The beginning of any period. The pupils are just entering.

Enter Irving. He spies an assistant editor already in her seat.

IRVING: Hey, Ruth, there's a meeting of the Elks this afternoon.

RUTH (blankly): What do you mean, the Elks?

IRVING (patronizingly): Why, the Mooses.

RUTH (still blankly): The Mooses—the Mooses—Oh! (a great light breaks over her countenance). You mean the *Muses!* Dear me, how clever! I'll be there!

ACT II

Scene: The Committee Room.

Time: 3.15 P.M.

The members of the staff enter by ones, twos, et ceteras. Don't ask who come in together. We are sworn to secrecy. But anyway, we are all assembled finally. To save time and space, we are to be known in this only by our first names. If you wish to know the rest, please look on that page near the front of this magazine where the picture and all the names are.

DAVE: The meeting will come to order. (We know by his magnanimous smile that he doesn't really mean anything as cruel as all that.)

THE OTHERS (among themselves): Buzz, buzz, buzz.

DOUG: How's the advertising going, George?

GEORGE: Just like a house on fire. Say, the money is pouring in! I'm going to call another meeting of the reps. to-morrow and tell them off again.

ANONYMOUS: He's got four dollars so far and we'll probably have to have a Tea Dance to get enough money to publish the magazine.

(No one throws any chairs, but for a time there is danger.)

FRANK: Boy, isn't that *subtle!*

DORIE: That's a fifty-cent word.

BILL: Well, who wants a red cover and who wants a gray one?

IRV: How's the humour going, Ralph?

RALPH: I don't know. Pretty dumb. But I got a couple of good ones to-day——.

DAVE: Please address your remarks to the chairman.

EVERYBODY: Buzz, buzz.

ED: I've got a new magazine in the Exchange.

DOT: How many words must I write on the Alumni?

SOMEBODY: Seven hundred and fifty.

GEORGE: Make it an even thousand, Little Woman.

DOT: Oh, yeah?

DORIE: Say, why don't you let Dave speak once in a while?

GENERAL MURMUR: Gosh, we're sorry. Never thought——.

DAVE: Well, I was just going to say this: About getting our pictures taken. We've got an appointment——.

Buzz, buzz.

DOT: Is he blonde or brunette, Ruth?

RUTH: I'll tell you later.

DOUG: He quoted me a price on the printing and engraving.

GEORGE: You explained to him that there was a depression?

Buzz-z-z——.

Enter Mr. Horton. Comparative silence ensues.

ACT III

Scene: Same Committee Room.

Time: About 4.30 P.M.

DAVE (in a respectful silence): Well, I believe we've discussed just about everything we need to discuss for to-day. Is there anything else that anyone wants to say? (Silence and many negative shakes of the head(s) from the staff.) Then I move that the meeting be adjourned. Will somebody second the motion?

SOMEBODY: I second the motion.

Exit Mr. Horton—and bedlam breaks loose.

CURTAIN.

And now, Gentle Reader, as you may have already guessed, Mr. Horton is the hero of this little play. If it were not for his guiding influence and calming ability, bedlam would still be breaking loose and you would not now be reading the 1932 Muse.

If you find anything in this magazine that you like particularly, give Mr. Horton a large share of the credit for it. If you find something you don't like, why, blame it on bedlam for breaking loose. Besides, we had to make mistakes so that next year's staff would profit by them.

And in closing, let me state that our Editor-in-Chief is also, for various reasons, the hero of this play. It's a unique drama, isn't it, with two heroes?

—RUTH SHEPARD.

A STUDENT'S COUNCIL

A USEFUL innovation for Malvern Collegiate would be a Students' Council. "What is that?" you may ask. We will give you a detailed explanation.

The Students' Council consists of representative members from each society and organization in the school. The president is selected by the teaching staff, the remaining officers elected by the members of the Council from among their own body. Two members of the teaching staff are included in the Council as advisory officers. This completes the board.

The Students' Council could now take care of a large amount of work with which the staff is now heavily burdened. The office and teaching staffs have gladly borne these school burdens for a long period. They have willingly granted us their valuable time in organizing school activities. It is now time for the pupils to take up their own burdens, which the staffs have capably carried through the past years, and organize and conduct our own affairs. School entertainments, dances, plays, athletics, etc., would be controlled by the Students' Council. The Students' Council also could secure a greater degree of co-operation among these branches through the representatives of the different organizations.

For the numerous cases where discipline is required in school activities, the Students' Council forms a "court of inquiry." Let us take a hypothetical case. The student stands before the seated judges who are to consider his breach of conduct. He assumes an outward appearance of nonchalance while inwardly he, if guilty, is quaking with fear of the impending justice which awaits him. He stands thus while the council study him in silence, giving him time to reconsider his plea. Information gleaned from his teachers and fellow-pupils regarding his character and work is read to the Council. The defendant is allowed to say anything he wishes in his own defence. If he is found guilty, the transgressor may have to pay a fine or may be punished in such other way the Council sees fit.

These courts would have a restraining influence on the pupils and would help to maintain discipline. They would be more effective than the court now operated by the teachers, for a student is always more deeply affected by the judgment of his peers than by that of his superiors. In its many branches of scholastic, athletic and social endeavour, Malvern would be greatly benefitted by a Students' Council.

—IRVING PHILLIPS.

MEMORIES

IT IS with sincere regret that I pen these few lines, for they seem like a message of farewell to the school where I have spent my time for the past five years. I won't say that those five years have not been without trials. No one who had sat for approximately one hundred and forty-three examinations and innumerable tests during his course could possibly make that assertion, but I will repeat the age-old phrase that "they certainly have been the happiest days of my life."

It is with a secret smile that I can now recall tasks of school life which at one time or another have caused me considerable worry. I think I may safely state that the prominent place among this group is occupied by the history orals which were required of us daily in First and Third Form. My days at this period seemed to me a culmination of all life's hardships, the time before the famed orals being spent in nervous apprehension and the after-hours in recuperating.

However, school life has brought about many friendships and has provided many pleasures and good times, the memory of which I shall always treasure. And no matter how steep the path has seemed, how dark the way has loomed ahead, the teachers have always been at hand to give unstintingly of their time and knowledge and to pilot us over the sea of learning.

When I leave Malvern, I know that I finish one chapter of my life, a chapter filled with cherished memories of my association with the school, and I'm certain that even the time will come when I'll long for those glorious, light-hearted days when history orals were my chief anxiety.

—DOROTHY BELL.

WE regret the absence of a section labelled "Form News" from this year's MUSE, for we had fully intended to have such a section. Unfortunately we did not receive enough contributions to make it worth while. We did not hear from some of the forms at all.

The first formers who contributed are to be heartily praised for their attempts. We hope the same people will help uphold second form in next year's magazine. Form 3C is deserving of special commendation for their contributions, and the response from some of the fourths was gratifying. But if an award were to be presented to the form which has given us the best co-operation with consistently good and pleasingly varied contributions ever since we first asked for them, that award would go to form 2A. The contributions of 2A have brought many a happy smile to an editorial face.

We wish to thank Bob and Jim Buckham especially for their splendid art contributions, some of which are appearing in this magazine.

Although we could not have a regular "Form News" section, still, some of the contributions were too good to let go to waste. Consequently they may be found throughout these pages.

It has been the object of the various MUSE staffs for several years back to have a "Form News" section, and we believe that we have come closer to having one this year than the others did in previous years. We present our apologies and explanations along with our hopes that next year's staff will at last realize this ambition.

We have been particularly fortunate this year in securing a contribution to our magazine from the popular writer Gregory Clark. We wish to express our appreciation to Mr. Clark for his most interesting article.

Our old friend Ted Reeve gives us his usual write-up, which we all regard as one of the most enjoyable features of THE MUSE.

We are very grateful to Marjorie Beer and Hasel Hammond, both graduates of Malvern and past editors of THE MUSE, for their assistance in making the magazine a success.

We also wish to thank the many others who gave of their time and knowledge to help us produce a MUSE worthy of Malvern.

—DOROTHY BELL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:—

The easiest practice in the world is to criticise present methods, but when you take Algebra every day you welcome something easy, thus I send in my letter.

I think that inter-form sport is not encouraged enough at Malvern. I know there is a certain amount of competition along these lines among some of the girls' classes and a few of the boys' classes, but it is not general.

A schedule of games should be drawn up in which all Forms should have a place. We could have basketball and hockey in fall and winter respectively. A baseball schedule could be started in the gym after the ice had disappeared. This could be continued outside when the weather became warmer. Pennants could be presented to winning teams, to be held for a year.

This house league would promote good-fellowship, give many students a chance for healthful exercise and fun which they otherwise might not get, and also give us material for interscholastic competition.

—JOE PITT.

Dear Editor:—

Every year the Muse staff is chosen from Fifth Form and their term of office is one year. Any of you who have ever had anything to do with editing a magazine will realize just how much work it is when one has had no experience.

I think that the senior members of the staff should be from Fifth but I think the junior editors should be chosen from Fourth Form. They should be elected with the idea of being the senior editors the following year. In this way you always have someone on your staff who knows what it is all about. I hope that due consideration will be given to this problem in the picking of the next Muse staff.

—D. L.

Dear Editor:—

I have desired for some time to express my views regarding the annual school song. Due to this practice, the school has never developed a traditional anthem. In my opinion, the prize-winning song written in 1931 by Miss Barbara Roberts should be instilled in the hearts of the First Formers till it becomes a very necessary part of their school lives. The upper school students should familiarize themselves with it. It would be one more link in the consolidating chain of school spirit.

The Maids of Malvern could continue to enter the yearly contest, but I believe the song mentioned above should be made a school tradition and should become as sacred to the students as the Varsity "Alma Mater" to the University of Toronto.

I heartily advocate this and believe and hope that those in authority will sponsor it. I would like to see something done in this line before I leave school in June.

—A Fifth Former.

Dear Editor:—

Say, why don't you have a column or two of notes, etc., from, for or to each Form—from 1A to 5Z—you know, to console the First Formers, who might (like I did) think(?) that the Hon. "Muse" was written, published and owned and read by the old-timers only.

—2A.

Dear Editor:—

When I attended Public School, I once looked into the Daily Register and saw printed there that for the opening exercises every morning there should be read a suitable selection from the Bible, then the Lord's Prayer should be repeated.

I am glad to say that up to the Third Form this form of opening was carried out, but for the last two years all we have done, unfortunately, is to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

I do not think this good old custom should be considered obsolete.

Yours sincerely,

"Robespierre".

JUST ONE MORE CHANCE

By Gregory Clark

"WHAT shall I write about?" I asked the editor of the Muse.

"Anything you like," said he, easily.

"Yes, but you're the editor. It is up to you to give the assignment."

"How about this?" he said, sitting forward with a jabbing finger, and all he needed was a cigar stub to look like Lou Marsh. "How about—'If I had my high school days to live over again'?"

"Sold," said I.

If I had my high school days to do over again, now that my Harbord days are twenty-five years behind me—(excuse me! Malvern was out in the country then; you don't mind if I went to Harbord, do you?) I would do again many of the things I did.

But I would play some game. I never played any game at Harbord. Not even hookey. But now that I see the men around me, I notice that those of them who played games are not as fit physically as I am. They seem to have spent too much energy when they were young. Furthermore, most of them have a sense of the Manly Thing, the sportsmanlike thing, which I lack, and it gives me a fearful advantage over them. If I had my chance over again, I would play rugby or hockey or something so as to be even with my fellow men. I hate to have the bulge on them like this.

Then I would pay more attention to mathematics. The only way I got through mathematics—oh, well! Why tell such things. This isn't confession, and anyway I am a continuing Methodist.

But here I am, nearly forty years old, without the slightest logical sense whatever. And in a world filled with logic, with people whose brains work smoothly on the principle that a x b = c, I am terribly handicapped. They all said that what goes up must come down; and, like a fool, I believed them and did not spend one cent in the stock market. So I never had $50,000, as all the other fellows did, the ones who were good at mathematics. It would have been nice to have had $50,000. I said, have had.

I had my chance, when I was young, to take a business course at high school. But I missed it. I would take that business course now, if I had a second chance, because everybody who knows about business knows what is wrong with business now. I'm different. I'm just ignorant. I don't know what is the matter with business.

So it goes. Neglected, ignored, waved airily aside were all my chances to be a good, sound, knowledgeable Toronto citizen, owning my own home (with an 80 per cent mortgage on it) a good party man, voting the right way all the way—why, my goodness! I never vote the same way twice, and lately I haven't voted at all. And as for the mortgage on my house, I don't even own a house. The man who owns my house was good at trigonometry. (And rents are down.)

No, ma'am, if I had it to do over again, I would certainly strive to be a number one boy, a good athlete and a first-class debater. You believe me, I am sure.

For what did my high school, dear old Harbord give me? Just some rags and tatters of the things I loved and love still; the rooms of my spirit are draped with bits ripped from Wordsworth (my English master had never heard of The Prelude—it wasn't in the authorized school edition!) glorious banners from Tennyson, sweet archaic bowls, mugs, platters from Shakespeare set along the mantel shelf of my heart; the carpet is a rag rug, a sort of hooked rug from old Quebec, with bits of Parkman, with authentic snatches of Mackenziana, and through it goes a pattern of thin, faded stuff that seems to be of Latin and Greek material. . . .

I don't know: it might be nice to have a room for your spirit all checkered up with nice modernistic geometric patterns, with bright, keen paint on the walls, and trophies of sport set around.

But I like the room Harbord helped me furnish.

My heart is very happy there.

NIGHT LIFE

Anne Marjorie Beer

"CAN you night-edit to-night with me?" said the Women's Editor one day as I, a green reporter on the College "daily," went into the office to receive the day's assignment of work.

"Yes!" I gulped in eagerness, and immediately after was torn between fear and yearning. Night-editing! The phrase conjured up no picture, but casual remarks of other night-editors haunted me for the rest of the day. My family received the news with a misgiving mingled with pride—never before had a member of our tribe stayed up all night to edit a newspaper! I scoffed at the misgiving and basked in the pride, and set out for the night office about eight o'clock.

Any feeling of self-importance vanished when I arrived there. The monotonous sound of printing presses at work, the peculiar, haunting smell of printer's ink plunged me immediately into a new and strange world. Here and there were reporters and editors, trying to talk above the noise, pounding on typewriters, writing feverishly. Instantly impressed with the feeling that the task at hand was all-important, I hurried into the inner office where the Women's Editor was already deep in work. She greeted me cheerily, gave me a few words of general advice, thrust a pile of papers into my hand, and bade me proof-read. Inspired by the spirit of urgency that seemed everywhere I grabbed a pencil and commenced. How grateful I was for the proof-reading I had done in the good old days on "THE MUSE!"

The written material, or "copy," was brought in, intermittently, throughout the evening. There were accounts of meetings representing many branches of university life, interviews with students or professors on local topics, write-ups of many games, announcements, feature-articles. All these had been assigned in the editorial offices that day by the Men's and Women's News Editors. Each reporter, having written "O.K." by his (or her) assignment, was responsible for having his copy in the night-office as early as possible.

For a long, long time I sat there, reading and rewriting material. It was then given to the "linotype man" who set the copy in type. His reddened eyes and expressionless face aroused my sympathy as I watched him sit before his machine, his fingers moving like automatons, hour after hour. The type was set in narrow rows, and, having been covered by a thin strip of paper, was subjected by us to a heavy roller which had been well painted with printer's ink—and presto, there were printed words on paper. I learned that this was a "galley" sheet. We took all such sheets back to the inner office for further proof-reading. By this time the smell of printer's ink seemed as natural as breathing, the noise and hurry of the office a part of life. But the night was just beginning!

Now the Women's Editor spread a copy of an old issue before her and called me over to watch her make up a "dummy" copy. Prints of the advertisements were pinned on the old issue, and into the space that remained all the material on the galley sheets had to be arranged. Never before had I studied a newspaper for the form of its make-up. Now I judged each article for its length and its relation to front page importance. Thus: was the third meeting of the Seven Occult Socratics of more interest to student readers than the interview with Professor Dry-as-Dust on the influence of residence alarm clocks? Was the account of the student who had been pushed into the swimming pool at a dance as important as the advance-note of a play written by a local freshman? Should the rugby hero's picture go here, or there? Keeping in mind the relative importance of the material the Women's Editor worked swiftly and carefully, rejecting this, placing that. I marvelled at the quickness of her decisions as her blue pencil went up and down the pages, allocating space until the skeleton was complete. Ever since that first lesson in formation I have looked on the pages of any newspaper with a reverent eye. Unconsciously now I appraise a front page for its balanced arrangement, or lack of it.

It was well into the morning hours before we were under way with our next big task, that of writing head-lines. First, though, should their form be packed or sloping? (I had never thought of it before!) I learned that those with three lines had a different name from those with two, that each had a certain number of "drop" lines in varying sizes of type. I learned that others were specially set by hand by Dick, the typesetter. The making of them was much more exacting than solving cross-word puzzles ever was. Each line could contain only a certain number of letters; frequently I would be "stung by the splendour of a sudden thought" for a good line only to discover that it had far too many letters. For instance,

"STARTLING DISCOVERY
BY CO-ED"

attracts the eye but is too long in the first line, and too short in the second. A beginner must plot many times to get even such a solution as

"CO-ED'S DISCOVERY
STARTLES CAMPUS"

The hours crept into three and four as my now benumbed brain worked steadily upon the elusive lines. I read over every article so often to get information for sparkling captions that their phrases were with me for weeks afterwards.

My body was stiff and my eyes heavy as I watched the Women's Editor and Dick set up the paper in type. Dawn was beginning to break outside the window, but I was scarcely conscious of it. On a wide table was laid a metal form the size of the newspaper's four pages. Guided by the dummy copy the Women's Editor showed Dick where she wanted each article. He with his practised eye and a quick hand would go to the long rows of type, pick out the desired article and its headlines and set it in place in the form. Bit by bit the paper took shape under our eyes, the old dummy copy assuming definite form.

Occasionally an article would be too long to fit in and we would frantically re-read the original copy for possible lines to cut. Finally, the paper was complete, and one copy was made for a final test as to its accuracy. I smiled wanly as my superior officer declared, "And now we can go home."

Not till then did I raise my head to discover that night had gone and morning come. With a jerk I realized that for the last ten hours the night-editing world had been all-absorbing, all-sufficient. Nothing had mattered but the production of that one issue. For that space of time it ranked in importance with the greatest "dailies" of the land, its editors had been kings to command me, its production as vital as if the whole world was awaiting our morning news.

I night-edited many times after that, but no issue was as memorable to me as that first one; no feeling of achievement and of well-earned rest as keen as the feeling within me that morning when, the press building doors closing behind us, we stepped out into the fresh cool air to make our way up past the grey, silent university towards a strong cup of coffee and a long sleep.

DANGER AHEAD

Hasel Hammond

AT some time in the more thoughtful interlude of a five-year sojourn, a large percentage of high school students turn their vagrant thoughts to the immediate hereafter, and begin to thumb the calendar of the University of Toronto. So misleading is that hieroglyphic publication to the uninitiated, and so sparse is the advice obtainable on any of the more important considerations of University life—such as whoopee, freshman behaviour, and the essential evasions—that I submit a few observations based on a personal experience full of error.

The first inevitable question is—which college?—and the answer varies with the individual. If you have a dominant ego and prefer to do what you like when you like and how, go to University College. I did: it was one of my few inspired decisions. There are so many people at U.C. that during the first term a friendless freshman has a haunting suspicion that he could die quietly in an alcove and that a week later the janitor would sweep up the corpse. That is the nice part about it, if you like that sort of thing: you can do more things without being noticed than in any other part of the University. You can make friends or remain a recluse, pant after "activities" or stagnate with indolence, be evangelical or communistic, just as you wish. If you have an urge to become a humiliated freshman, the opportunity is yours; if you don't like red ties and respect your own dignity, remain quiet and no one will know the difference. Even attendance at lectures is largely optional; if you prefer the mid-night oil to the cold light of a nine o'clock lecture, few there are who will object.

All is different at Victoria. There an informal, friendly atmosphere will breeze out towards you and you will be quickly led into College Life in the Victorian style. If a stranger to the city wanted to become acquainted with Toronto in half an hour, he could see it all at Victoria College, its most typical production. Prudence, piety and patriotism manifest themselves in a ceaseless flow of wholesome activity. Best of all, O ye timid ones, you can go from high school to Victoria and hardly notice the difference!

As for Trinity, the distinctions are different. You need to be born to Trinity, and if there is any doubt about your title, it is dangerous to take chances. The Trinity man or woman wears a tattered gown with nonchalance all about the campus, acquires an Oxford accent, and studies Religious Knowledge. Trinity is a law unto itself and remains, for the most part, sublimely aloof from the rest of the University, and if you are born to it, it is the right and only place for you.

The choice of St. Michael's depends almost entirely on religious creed, although those of the Catholic faith can choose between it and University College. College spirit is rampant, and the loyal undergrad of St. Mike's finds life just a continuous whirl of excitement. Every hour he can spare from his studies, and even more, is spent in cheering on the basketball team, boosting the French society, addressing the chairman and otherwise making life real and earnest.

The college chosen, comes the difficulty of the course. Most people either abandon thought and say brightly: "I used to add awfully well —I think I'll go into Maths," (whereupon their names are among the missing in June lists) or in the awful chaos of the calendar they feverishly grasp the first likely thing at hand (whereupon anything may happen). There is no infallible method of procedure, but it is advisable to consult first several of the faculty about the curriculum, and then graduates and students about the faculty. Only the professor knows his course, and only the student knows his professor!

A few practical details, and then the sophisticated Malvernite may happily cross U. of T. portals. Don't imagine this institution to be either Rah-Rah American or academic English: it is a cross between the two, and in it the twain have met. Don't eat at the cafeteria if you like good food and prefer to end your meals in a mood of joy and peace. And don't, however strong the temptation, cross the campus on a muddy morning! These things are major errors.

On the other hand—avoid mass meetings like the plague, unless you are already addicted to activity for its own sake. Break minor regulations with sangfroid. And if you would be happy though free, remember that the University academic year lasts only seven months, and has a way of ending abruptly while you are unprepared!

FAREWELL TO ARMS

Teddy Reeve

A RULE has been passed to the effect that the football teams of the Toronto collegiates are not to be handled by outside coaches. This is probably only a minor detail to almost everyone else, but it is a very sad blow to one Edward H. Reeve.

After eight years with the Malvern boys I had somehow come to think that I was not an outside coach at all. Mingling through those stirring seasons with husky, headlong youngsters answering to strange names like Yip and Ham and Albie and Quarts and Nurts; watching them pound through practice after practice till they reached precision; getting the jitters with them in the dressing room before the big games; mourning or cheering with them after the tide of victory went with us or turned into backwash, has been a proud privilege that has brightened up every year for me since I first strolled up to the old gravel school yard in 1924.

The great spirit that exists between the boys and the masters of Malvern and the interest and enthusiasm shown towards the football fortunes by the parents of the pupils has all combined to make this outside coach feel, or at least hope, that he was part of the institution.

Well, all good things must end but this good thing did not end until I enjoyed eight wonderful autumns for which I am truly grateful. And from those days there are many matters that I will always remember.

For instance, each year there were far more boys out for the teams than could be carried. Some two-thirds of these eager-eyed battlers would have to be disappointed owing to their lack of size or speed or lack of judgment on the part of the coach (and that often happened). But each year we noticed that these lads, who had failed to win themselves a place along the line of battle, were still the staunchest supporters of the Malvern teams and the stoutest rooters for the boys who had been fortunate enough to land the uniforms which they had tried so hard to win.

On every team there would be a few fellows who only worked into the games for five minutes here, a few moments there or perhaps a short quarter the following week when one of the regulars was being repaired. Yet these substitutes would be the first out to practice and the last to the shower baths. They were all for the team and often, it turned out, they developed into our finest players.

Most positions, especially on the line, had two players to fill them about equally well and it always seemed to me that the snap-back or the inside wing who was on the bench was always the first to stand up and give a hearty Yea when the team mate in his position made a nice tackle or a good plunge.

Those sort of things, which were perhaps noticeable to no one else, always made me think that there was more to football than the scoring of points.

Associating with such boys would be an inspiration for any man. Their coach is free to admit that he has been helped more than once by the thought "The Malvern kids wouldn't think much of me if I did that." Maybe, once or twice, it has worked both ways. I hope so.

BY AEROPLANE ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

C. W. Horton

THE Imperial Airways operates a regular system of flights and and publishes a time-table somewhat resembling those of the railways. The traveller must appear at its London office, adjacent to Victoria Station, where he as well as his baggage is weighed. He is conveyed to Croydon aerodrome by bus and there is quickly ushered into the cabin of the waiting aeroplane. The first to enter drop into the nearest seats and I, the last to enter, was obliged to walk up the narrow aisle to the front where I secured a seat on the left, which unexpectedly proved to be the choicest in the cabin.

The rumbling of the propellers rose rapidly to a roar; a short run and we left the ground entering at once on that curious sensation of being borne up on elastic supports as we soared onward. The lovely Surrey fields stretched out below, irregular in shape separated by dark green hedges, winding lanes and highways. Soon the varicoloured patchwork of Kentish fields succeeded and rapidly passed beneath us. Presently I discovered that it was possible to write with ease and comfort, and this is the letter I wrote home:—

In flight on Imperial Airways.
Air Liner *City of Coventry.*
Over Tonbridge (25 miles from Croyden)
August 18, 1931.

I am writing this at an elevation of 2,000 feet and a speed of 85 miles. The day is sunny; the air clear; the land below an irregular patchwork of greens and yellows, dotted with buildings. A stream winds along, as do the lanes and highways between dark green hedges. The sun on our right lights up the objects below, and seated on the left, forward, I have an unobstructed view and watch the shadow of the plane as it races across the fields. Now at 5.35 we are off Dungeness, 60 miles from Croyden. Over the Straits of Dover the view is humdrum; blue sea below, mottled sky above and around. A propeller whirls at my left, another at my right; rather noisy they are. To get this writing paper I walked back to the steward at the rear; the stingy beggar gave me only one sheet.

Above in front sit the pilots; through a small pane of glass I can see one as well as the steward who has just taken up to them what looks like refreshment. One of these pilots promised us we should see the German Zeppelin now on its way to London, which is all agog to-day over the expected visit.

Look! I can see the French shore (5.54). Tiny clouds spot the prospect. A town appears with its river. Boats below look like floating midges. A village shows a fan-shaped arrangement of streets. Here the steward brought me a bottle of Canada Dry Ginger Ale (9d.) in which I pledged the country which gives it its name. (I have begged another sheet from the steward who this time has given me two, I retract the word stingy). In places the French fields below are more freakish in shape than the Sussex farms, so very odd at times. Villages appear, loiter alongside, and drop behind. Many fields are covered with water—a rainy season. Yonder lies a great wooded expanse, what forest I wonder. There a toy train creeps lazily along. For a time we kept the channel on our right but now I cannot see it. Here comes a considerable town in a pleasant valley with a long winding stream, while near by a train tries in vain to race with us. Flooded in sunshine, the land to my left smiles with its myriad tiny fields. This town presents a tangled cluster, like a child's blocks in partial disarray. It is succeeded by a great plain with vari-coloured parquetry. The tall slender trees are casting elongated shadows. A score or so of houses nestle inside a green patch of wood around which spread fields of farm land. Directly below us motor cars creep along a narrow avenue of trees. I look abroad; my glass reveals a great distance to a somewhat hazy horizon.

Now rain clouds envelop us but beyond shines the sun, though in a mottled sky. There lies Beauvais, succeeded by an agricultural section where farmers are ploughing with horses tandem. The scene displays the various colours of grain fields, meadow and fallow-land, interspersed with wooded patches and lines of trees, very lovely when

sudden bright sunlight brightens one side of the trees and casts long dark shadows across the open spaces. Now I count ten villages all in view at one time, pleasant looking places all. That train is dwarfed by the great shadows which it casts. The shadow of its smoke wins in a race with those of a long line of Lombardy poplars to reach that winding river. A glance to the west out of our right window reveals haze and dimness but the sunlit view to my left is glorious.

As I strain my sight in the endeavour to learn if any cattle other than Holstein, inhabit these fields, the aeroplane lurches but not violently. Is it a gusty wind? But this looks like Le Burget. The propeller slows. The noise decreases. We are descending. Now we are over the town; it comes up to meet us. A burst of speed! Here we are on earth once more. The taxi-ing is rough. This scrawl will be illegible. We cross the circle, rise and fall like a boat at sea, approach the hangars and——

VAGABOND

Just a ragged, tattered suit that barely hangs together,
But ripening summer fields are lying golden in the sun,
And for my bed a hill-top with a soft green carpet
The first star for my taper when the pleasant day is done.

Not a half-a-dozen coins to jingle in my pockets,
But yet as compensation there are moments of delight:
That mystic wonder-moment when the dim, blue twilight
Is softly overshadowed by the indigo of night.

Few are my possessions, but the world is full of beauty:
A white beach and the breaking waves with foam-tipped curls,
And dawns that come as preludes to the hours of daylight,
And fields of flowers that nod and sway like rows of dancing girls.

Idle smoke in thin blue wisps from fires I have kindled
And little friendly paths that twist and lead you know not where,
And owls at night and bats that swoop black-winged in velvet
And teasing winds that run their gentle fingers through your hair.

I am rich, the earth has set her store of gifts before me,
A symphony of beauty, and a pageant of surprise.
I choose to be a vagabond, to tramp forever;
My heart and soul are free, the open road before me lies.

—Helen Oram.

MISS DAFOE

MISS HELEN DAFOE, former head of the Department of History at Malvern Collegiate Institute, resigned her position on the staff last summer, on her return from a year's leave of absence spent in travel abroad, to marry Mr. William Martin, and to take up residence in Palma, in the Spanish island of Mallorca.

She has been sorely missed, both by her friends on the staff and by all pupils who had had the privilege of being taught by her. Of the excellence of her work in the school it seems almost unnecessary to speak: it speaks and will continue to speak for itself in the achievement and in the broadened knowledge of those who were her pupils, in their intelligent interest, fostered by her, in world affairs, and in that most important subject of study, the history of the life of men on earth. Whatever she did, whether teaching or advising the Girls' Club or the Literary Society, she did with all her heart, and as well as it could be done. The part she played in the development and encouragement of the fine school spirit synonymous with the name "Malvern", is difficult to estimate fully. She was a teacher who is not easily replaced. Wherever she came there was life.

ROSES

Sometimes I think
That a white rose
Is the pure thought of a young girl
And a pink rose
Is a baby's gurgling laugh,
But a red rose—passionate, glowing
Is the love of all lovers everywhere
Since time began.

—HELEN ORAM.

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOSE FROM THE SCHOOL
WHO LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES
IN THE GREAT WAR
1914 — 1918

OUR MONUMENT

THE Great War of 1914-1918 is little more than a name to nearly all the present pupils of Malvern. The oldest of them were in infancy at that time and can know little or nothing of the stress and strain of those years. They are probably only vaguely aware of the bearing of that tremendous conflict upon our present economic condition. However that may be, it is fitting that those now in attendance should have their attention called to a constant reminder of the sad toll exacted by that awful war.

Though the school then was small and not long established, yet a goodly number of students and graduates responded to the call to arms as you may gather from the Roll of Honour hanging in the main corridor north. The monument in front of the school was erected in memory of those youths who died in the dreadful carnage of that deadly war. On it you may read the names of twenty-three who proved their loyalty by yielding up their lives. For them hearts still bleed and homes mourn a vacant chair. Their heroism laid a duty upon this school and community to prepare a fitting memorial. After careful planning and considerable effort by those on whom fell the melancholy privilege, this monument was erected in May, 1922, and unveiled by our present premier, Hon. G. S. Henry.

Your attention is requested to the nature of the tribute; to its symbolism in the rock basis on which stands the virile youth, in the raised head, the crusader's sword, the broken chain; to its reverent spirit without pride or boasting. Be sure to read and treasure in memory the noble inscriptions. And when the day comes for us to pay our respect to the memory of those heroic youths, may we gather about the monument with hearts touched with gratitude and softened into humility.

—C. W. H.

OUR BUST OF MR. LEHMANN

IT IS surprising for a High School to be so fortunate as to possess a bust of its Principal, but as the result of talent of an ex-pupil, Cleeve Horne, Malvern is an exception. It is not the first time that Cleeve's skill has been displayed at Malvern; his works are ever becoming more widely known and admired.

When in 1929 an article featuring his work appeared in The Muse, the attention of the Literary Society was called to his remarkable talent and the executive became interested. Accordingly, Cleeve was asked to model a bust of Mr. Lehmann, which task he accomplished last year. The bust was formally presented to the school at Commencement last November and has now been placed in the library. The Literary Society is to be congratulated upon its prompt action in seizing such an opportunity while Cleeve was still at Malvern.

Cleeve gained his honour matriculation in four years at Malvern and is now, a year later, in the second year at the College of Art. The comment which his work has already aroused convinces us that his future as a sculptor is assured. The wish of every Malvernite is for his continued success.

The bust is not only a fitting testimony to the artist's ability, but also the esteem in which Malvern holds Mr. Lehmann.

ICE

A Short Short Story by William A. Connor

THE cold sun glittered on rolling hills of ice covered snow. Unbroken stretches of ice fled into the dazzling horizon. A cutting wind whirled flakes of snow in eddies and save for its low whistle there was not a sound. When the wind lulled, the silence was heavy and oppressive; it seemed as though a great storm was coming rapidly. Now and then the ice cracked with a staccato report.

Far over the ice two little dark smudges broke the endless sheet of white. They shifted, stood still for a moment, then moved slowly closer. In a short while the larger of the two grew into a man, and the smaller into a dog. The man was swathed heavily in furs and his ungainly figure moved erratically. He swayed and stumbled and occasionally his feet became so unmanageable that he was forced to stop. His face mirrored his bewilderment at such moments, and finally he would stagger on again. The dog trotted with dropping tail behind him. The man's face was covered with a heavy black beard, covered in turn with many fine icicles. Fine white particles made his black eyebrows seem silver, and a rifle trailed from his mittened hand. Steven Harvey was a trapper. For days (he had long since lost count of time), he and a companion had wandered aimlessly over the glaring ice, hopelessly lost. Caught in a blizzard, they had been driven far from their snug cabin. Steve's companion, wearied by the endless fight with starvation and cold, had finally admitted defeat. He was dead, far back on the trail. Before his death he had pleaded with Steve to spare the dog. The dog was food, and the two men were starving. His companion had died to save the life of a dog. The dog belonged to Steve, but his companion had become greatly attached to it during the long winter months. It was a true dog of the north, gaunt and rangy beneath its thick gray hair. Its stamina had triumphed over that of the man. While the man tottered the dog was firm upon his feet; the man's mind was befuddled and foggy, while that of the dog was clear. The dog should have led the two, not the man. Nevertheless the dominance of man throughout the centuries kept the dog behind. Steve reeled drunkenly now and he began to mumble. The ice cracked beneath him, for Steve was a big man and the ice was thin. The dog looked questioningly up and Steve passed a huge furred hand over his face. Far over on the horizon a blue finger of smoke trickled up into the frozen blue sky. The dog pricked up his ears and his nose began to twitch; Steve stumbled blindly on. The dog whimpered softly but Steve took no notice. It whimpered again, and the man turned angrily and cursed it in a high cracked voice. Steve's brain whirled and a wave of hot unreasoning fury broke over him. He raised his gun to his shoulder and levelled its slim barrel at the dog. The dog, sensing something amiss, weaved quietly from side to side. The man was unable to keep the rifle barrel still and he cursed again. A deafening report and the dog rolled head over heels at the shock of the heavy calibre bullet. The man smiled a crooked grin of anticipation as he advanced toward

the fallen animal. It lay stretched full length, and suddenly as he reeled toward it a sickening wave of nausea swept over him and he crashed face foremost into the snow. The dog struggled upright, and a red bullet furrow showed across its skull. Its tongue lolled over its gleaming teeth as it crawled painfully to its master and would-be murderer. It licked his face—once.

Two days later Steven Harvey awoke in a cabin filled with bluish pine smoke. His body was pleasantly warm beneath a huge pile of blankets and his eyes wandered over a rough hewn log roof. They strayed down a wall and stopped lazily as they encountered the ruddy glow of a fire across the room. Logs crackled pleasantly in a crude stone grate, and the abundance of heat made his face tingle a little. His eyes wandered to a man seated by the fire looking at him with flashing dark eyes. Smoke curled from a black pipe between his lips. To the silent question in the sick man's eyes the other answered: "Your dog, M'sieu, he come to my door. He lead me to you." "Where," said Steve, "is the dog?" "He die, M'sieu, from cut on head," said the Frenchman.

THE CLOCKS AT MALVERN

ONE of the latest developments of the clock industry is the perfecting of the electric clock, first invented by Alexander Bain in 1843. In one type electricity is used to wind the clock, but in another electrical vibrations cause the movement of the pendulum. The clock's errors may, they say, be corrected by a system of synchronization, by which a number of clocks are connected electrically to a master clock.

Yet, despite all this scientific application and control of delicate mechanism, at Malvern disorder is rife. The master in the school office seems to have no control whatsoever over his subjects in the various forms. They are running wild!

On making a circuit of the rooms one would perceive that, in some, dawn should soon be in evidence, whereas in others the shades of evening are stretching themselves out for the night.

During lunch period a few days ago I expounded to several of my chums the futility of scientific attempts to better the sun dial and the hour-glass. I was just beginning to pride myself on having aroused in them a realization of the absurdity of our supposed time-keeping system, when one of them declared himself a staunch defender of our electric clocks. Then he proceeded to credit the clocks with such marvelous accuracy that my convictions began to topple and I came to believe that the system is really very ingenious.

First, he reminded us of that old question: "If it is twelve o'clock noon at Greenwich, what time is it at————?" Then by playing on our school spirit he incited us to the grandness of our realm and of all that transpires in our own little world, Malvern.

"The reason why you find a variation in the time throughout the school is," he disclosed, "because of the extreme accuracy of the clocks. When it is twelve o'clock noon by the clock above the auditorium entrance in the main hall, the time east and west of that central position varies in direct proportion as the distance thence. Therefore, it is considerably earlier in the western extremity of our great domain than it is at the eastern bound."

"But," I remonstrated, still not convinced, "that is no reason why the clocks on the third floor are so much in advance of those on the first floor during the morning and then lag behind so grievously in the afternoon."

"Yes! I was just coming to that," he confided in a superior air. "Not only do our clocks allow for longitude, but they are also very sensitive to altitude. It is a well-known fact that the greater the altitude at which one is, the farther distant appears the horizon. Thus, the higher one is the sooner does the sun rise and so he is in advance of those persons on a lower level. But, in a similar manner does the sun set later for him than for the ones on the ground, and consequently he becomes behind time.

"What could be more precise than such a timing system as this; a system of clocks that even allows for longitude and altitude; the clocks at Malvern."

Could he be correct? Had we such a marvelous system of clocks? After my vigorous denunciation of the clocks, I was loath to believe so, and yet, so it certainly seemed.

That afternoon, while attempting to solve a geometrical conundrum, I perceived that the clock had stopped. For the next week I made special observations of the clocks and came to realize that sometimes they ran but often they did not. Could the system's champion explain that satisfactorily? I could think of no plausible excuse for such behaviour, unless it be owing to the fact that the horned moon has become caught upon the peak of the new flagpole at the Canadian National Exhibition. But on further consideration I realized that not even this atrocious detention of a planet would explain their stopping, for the orbit of the moon has been deviated, not that of the sun.

With rising hopes I conducted still further investigations which revealed the fact that as many of the clocks in the west wing were fast as were slow, and inversely in the eastern section. My spirits were fully revived. The champion's defences were proven invalid; and now I could renew my condemnation with added zest. Why, the clocks at Malvern are so uncertain that if Mr. Breslove were to find that the periods flee all too quickly, let him point to the time-piece and his class will consequently be transported so far behind time as to make Ancient History their current events, or as to give him plenty of additional time in which to point out the beauty of Caesar's tongue.

When Miss McAlpine becomes disgusted and scolds you in that way she has, so that you wish the moment would never pass, then flee to W34, where Mr. Day's eloquence of speech and gesture holds the clocks spellbound for hours.

On the other hand, the clock in W31 leaps ahead at such a rate that Miss Muirhead is virtually robbed of that leisure in which to read "The Globe," so enjoyed during her student years at Malvern.

Therefore, I implore of you to help vanquish the unjust master who rules with the iron hand and, after the manner of the English House of Commons, to revert to the old reliable—the hour-glass.

—W. H. Bennett, 4B.

BAB'S FRIEND

THE Smythes were in dire straits. Once they had lived in luxury, but suddenly disaster had sprung upon them. Mr. Smythe (as he then termed himself) had been completely prostrated by the sudden bankruptcy of the company in which he held the majority of shares, and was unable to save even a little of his fortune out of the chaos. Earle Smythe, the eldest son, returning from college badly in debt as usual, found the family plunged in deep gloom and poverty. To make matters worse, his mother persisted in carrying out the extravagant receptions for her debutante daughter, Marie. Babs, a pretty, joyous little creature of sixteen, seemed the only one in the household capable of facing and coping with the difficulty.

With many a moan and grumble the Smythes departed from their fine house and surroundings and settled in a small suburban district under the more staid name of Smith. Day in and day out, Mrs. Smith selfishly bewailed the loss of her servants, receptions, gossip, et cetera, without the slightest thought for her sick husband. One day Earle, returning home and after an angry outburst in which he declared that he was sick of hunting jobs all day and listening to his mother's grumbles at home, packed his grip and left the house. Nothing more was heard of him until several months later. A rumour was heard of his marriage to some second-rate actress. Marie, regardless of circumstances, tried to continue her usual routine of luncheons, afternoon teas, dinners and dances. Only Babs began looking for a position in earnest. After a week of tramping along endless roads and avenues to answer advertisements, she was engaged as companion-governess to a rich little girl of ten. Her qualifications—good education, speech and manners and a neat, fashionable appearance—won her this position immediately.

Babs, having adopted the more demure name of Barbara, began her duties the next day and found them exceedingly tiresome. She now had to bear the same kind of treatment as her mother had so recently dealt out to their servants. Her charge—Helena Cox-Richardson—was a spoilt, exacting child and demanded every bit of Barbara's attention and services, so that at the end of her long hours Barbara was thoroughly tired out and dispirited. But when she became better acquainted with her employers there was one thing that made her days happy and carried her through her tasks by the

anticipation of it. "Uncle Paul," a crippled old man, disregarded and spoken of as "slightly off his head" by the rest of the household, also found an interest which made his lonely, painful days brighter. Extremely rich since his youth, he had devoted the prime of his life to purchasing rare editions of old books and ancient and mottled manuscripts. Engaged in this one pursuit, he had never cared for or sought the priceless thing which every person needs at some time of his life—true friendship. He had bitterly regretted this fact ever since twelve years ago, when a whole wall of shelves loaded with heavy volumes had collapsed upon him, leaving him with a partially paralysed side and frequent agonizing pains. From then on he spent the greater part of the time in his own private library, cut off from the rest of the house.

Now, at last, he found in Barbara a spirit that humoured his whims, followed patiently his disjointed explanations about different books, or eagerly listened to the story of his adventures in gaining some dearly-prized volume as he held it tenderly in his trembling fingers.

Evening after evening Barbara visited the solitary old man as soon as her duties were completed, and together they would discuss some book he had lent her to read, or laugh over amusing little incidents of that day. Evening after evening the weak voice would repeat, "I can never thank you enough for all that you have done for me; one day perhaps I will repay you—who can tell?"

But Barbara would sadly look at his worn, patient face and the doctor's words would echo in her ears, "Weaker and weaker, Miss Barbara; make him happy while you can. He has had a lonely life, with books as his only friends." Alas, there would be no chance for repayment, but his gratitude was ample reward for all she could do.

At last one evening Barbara had remained only a few minutes with her friend. "I am very tired to-night, child," he had said with a sigh, and when she left kissed her for the first time.

All the next day Barbara's heart was heavy, as she repeated sadly over and over to herself, the short sentence flung at her that morning: "He was found dead this morning." "He was found dead this morning." This unsympathetic statement had been made by one of the busy secretaries engaged to see to all the elaborate arrangements for the funeral.

Returning with her little pupil from the trying funeral, throughout which Mrs. Cox-Richardson had uttered stifled sobs, while Helena had wriggled here and there, Barbara was told by the butler that "the mistress" wished her to go to the sitting-room in half an hour. During the intervening time Barbara's mind was full of busy thoughts and questions—what *could* she be wanted for this afternoon? Surely not to aid at any reception, for it had been announced that Mrs. Cox-Richardson would not be "at home" for a week. Had she done anything wrong, was she to be dismissed, or was it some reprimand for a little task she had overlooked?

As she descended the stairs, Barbara heard a subdued hum of voices from the drawing room and wondered who could have called after all; then, opening the door, she entered the room and found it full of fashionably-dressed men and women. On seeing her enter, Mrs. Cox-Richardson rose and remarked to the man seated beside her, "Here is Miss Smith at last; I believe we can begin now?" With everyone staring at her, Barbara slipped into the nearest chair as the man spoken to rose, gathering up several documents. Instantly, with a shuffling of feet and a clearing of throats, all attention turned in his direction and he began to read. Only then did it dawn on Barbara that this was the reading of "Uncle Paul's" will. But still she saw no reason for her presence, and was wondering whether she was needed as a witness perhaps—she had never . . . "and to Barabara Smith the sum of sixty thousand dollars and any of my books that she may wish to have." The precise voice broke into her thoughts with this amazing statement. Barbara glanced up startled. Had she *really* heard that? It *must* be right, for everybody was again staring at her, and a sudden buzz of conversation swung over their heads.

Through the monotonous reading of the rest of the will, Barbara was filled with gratitude for her friend. With dim eyes, throbbing throat and clenched fists, she recalled the sound of that patient voice saying, "Some day I will repay you." He had really done it, and now she would be able to get Dad well again and give Mother a little more enjoyment.

—M. PRICE.

SHE TASTED PRAISE

They gave the golden goblet of success,
O'er brimming with the rich wine of applause;
She drank it all, and, filled with happiness,
She rose among the stars—and knew the cause.

All night she walked the clouds—the Milky Way
Was made a scarf for her young shoulders proud;
She let the stars by handfuls, as in play,
Drip through her fingers—and she laughed aloud.

And when, at dawn, on high Olympus' height,
She watched the rose-mauve gauzes drift apart,
The morning star, of purest silver bright,
Came near, and left its light within her heart.

—RUTH SHEPARD.

In Memoriam

FRANK RICHARDS

On January 31st, Malvern lost a highly respected student in the death of Frank Richards, 4D. Born in Saskatchewan on December 2nd, 1914, he spent most of his early boyhood in Western Canada. When his parents first came to Toronto he attended Bloor Collegiate, and it was not till November, 1930, that he entered Malvern.

Since that time ill-health prevented his taking an active part in school activities, but his quiet courtesy, and his courage in enduring illness won the respect of all who knew him. His death is deeply regretted by his class-mates; the Muse joins with them in paying tribute to his memory.

The teachers and pupils of Malvern extend their deepest sympathies to Mr. Horton in the loss of his wife.

SCHOLASTIC ACHIEVEMENTS

THE barrage laid down by the Department of Education last June left a heavy casualty list. But rising out of this confusion were those who stood up well under fire. Two especially brought great honour to Malvern by winning scholarships:

Reginald Watters—Joseph Henderson Memorial Scholarship; James Harris Scholarship (English and History).

Margaret Wilson—Hamilton Fisk Biggar Proficiency Scholarship in Languages.

The other outstanding students were:

FIFTH FORM HONOUR MATRICULATION

	No. of Papers	First Class Honours		No. of Papers	First Class Honours
Reginald Watters	11	11	James Davy	10	6
Margaret Wilson	11	9	Solomon Schniffer	11	5
Harold Bernstein	11	6	Phyllis Kimber	11	4

FOURTH FORM PASS MATRICULATION

	No. of Papers	First Class Honours		No. of Papers	First Class Honours
Madge Price	12	12	Solomon Shankman	13	10
George Watson	14	12	Ruth Shepard	12	10
Grace Barber	14	11	Phyllis Harvey	11	9
Dorothy Bell	14	11	Norman Robinson	12	9
Iris Benneworth	14	11	Alan Weatherburn	12	9
Gladys Neale	12	10	Allen Crocker	12	8
Irene Prior	12	10	Margaret More	12	8

THIRD FORM PASS MATRICULATION

The following received a possible of 3 First Class Honours:

William Balcomb, Harold Garfield, Harry Gillis, Leslie Gray, Stanley Hutchings, Marjorie Linn, Edith Martin, Dolly Phillips, Louis Pritzker, Norman Stephenson.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The oratorical contest this year was well contested but poorly attended. The poor attendance discouraged the speakers to a great extent, and as a result they did not do their best.

Russia proved to be the favourite subject of the speakers, as no less than three boys spoke on Russia. The girls' contest was as good as the boys but the speakers seemed again greatly disappointed by their audience. The results were as follows:

GIRLS

Lorraine Lush—Rev. G. A. Williams Gold Medal.
Hazel Godwin—Malvern Home and School Club Silver Medal.
Nellie Beattie—Malvern Home and School Club Bronze Medal.

BOYS

Bruce McCorkell—Tackler Trophy; Rev. G. A. Williams Silver Medal.
Jack Lightfoot—Malvern Home and School Club Silver Medal.
John Dickson—Malvern Home and School Club Bronze Medal.

REVOLUTIONS

(A play in one act)

Scene 1: Time 1932. January.

A girl's study: untidy; lights glaring, radio blatting the latest song-hit. Our heroine is seated at a littered desk, pouring over a Modern History text; she is fair, slim, smartly dressed, with her hair tumbled about her face. She is frantically jotting down notes; she yawns, stretches, then glances feverishly at the clock.

DOT: Heavens! Eleven o'clock and I'm only at the French Revolution. Why did Miss Cunningham have to give us that test for Monday? (Reads aloud) Paris mob starving and wild, set up barricades in the streets, etc. Oh, I'll skip that part. (Turns several pages, reading again:) In Austria, Italy and Germany riots were spreading. Republicans were gaining the upper hand; all Europe in chaos. (Slams shut her book and picks up a newspaper, settling comfortably in her chair). Reads aloud headline in paper: Shanghai war may involve whole world. Disarmament means little. Oh heck! That's as bad as the History. (She yawns again and finally falls asleep.)

Scene 2:

Girl asleep in her chair as before. In her dreams the Japanese have not only defeated China, but also all other countries even invading Canada. Sweeping through the country, they ravage the main cities, setting up their own customs, installing Japanese government and education.

Enter—small group of Japanese troops. They ransack the room, taking all valuables, and under the direction of their commander build a bon-fire in the fire-place, where they toss her History book, English and French. They tear down the picture of the Prince of Wales, and destroy all books, even a small bible. *The commander,* a small dwarf of a man, shouts: Down with the English! Away with Canada! Cheering on his men, they take everything of value and depart.

Scene 3: Malvern Collegiate, a Modern History class.

Instead of Miss Cunningham's mild rule, a stormy Japanese is laying down the law; he is tall, angular, with a deep ochre skin; long head, and great drooping moustaches.

MR. CHOW: I want this class to understand from the beginning that no longer will you study anything pertaining to Britain, or to English speaking countries—that is not important. The History we are interested in is that of the great Japan, with its ancient line of Emperors, its famous peoples, and illustrious doctrines. Take your texts. (His keen eyes suddely light on Cooke, at the back). Young man, what is that book you are so engrossed in?

COOKE: A Modern History of Europe, Sir!

MR. CHOW: Ah! Where did you get that? All European Histories have been confiscated! I will have no interruptions in my class! Get out and stay out!

(Cooke picks up his books and walks out, as if he was accustomed to being kicked out of History class all the time). Mr. Chow proceeds to give a fluent, long-drawn out account of the Ming Dynasty. Suddenly, there is a great commotion in the outer hall. The door is flung open, and Wareham, resplendent in a Malvern cadet uniform, appears, at the head of a regular army of cadets.

WAREHAM: Come on everybody! No more Japanese History for us! Mr. Chow I guess we'll have to trouble you to vacate.

MR. CHOW: Here, here! What's the meaning of all this? I'll have you expelled for disrespect!

WAREHAM: What's that? You don't want to go, eh? Well, come on boys, we'll help him out.

But the Jap at that moment with a lighting move, leaped to the window, and there flung a small black object into the room. Before anyone could move, the bomb exploded! There was a terrific noise, and then the sleeping girl awoke! The clock had struck one! She rubs her eyes, and jumps up, dismayed.

DOT: Good-night! I've been asleep for over an hour! What a dream! (She gathers up her books and leaves the room).

—"M".

LONGING

The poppies sway,
  The golden asters blow about the wall,
And through the day
  I feel the cool, sad wind of early fall.

Last year we two
  Together viewed the falling of the leaves,
Together knew
  The warmth and colour of the autumn sheaves.

Now silence drifts
  In purple shadows near the rustic gate,
And in the mists
  I want you back, but know it is too late.

—HELEN ORAM.

EXCHANGE

GENTLE READERS, don't let our little title illustration mislead you. Our exchanges, we hope, are neither like the Sino-Japanese war nor are they a space in the edition for placing surplus caustic comments. The real purpose is the interchange of ideas tending to stimulate well-balanced magazines. We hope it has been fulfilled, but, barring that, it certainly has been a pleasant task to read over so many interesting publications.

Norroc—NORTHERN VOCATION SCHOOL, TORONTO.

An excellent magazine for your first attempt. One of our best exchanges.

Freshette (from back of room)—"May I get a drink, Sir?"

Teacher (mistaking drink for ink)—"I'm sorry, but someone stole my bottle yesterday."

The L.C.C.I. Review—LONDON CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

This magazine certainly covers all interests in your school; a complete edition.

Westward-Ho—WESTERN TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

A newcomer to our exchange list, well-balanced, but we suggest cartoons and more jokes.

Conning Tower—WESTON HIGH AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOL.

Not enough reading matter. An autograph page would be popular.

The Lantern—SIR ADAM BECK COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, LONDON.

A big magazine and very comprehensive. Your travel department is a novel feature and well written up. The circulation of over four thousand is not to be wondered at.

Acta Ludi—OSHAWA COLLEGIATE AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOL.

We are glad to exchange with an old friend again a fine magazine. School activities are well covered. Might we suggest a few more cartoons. We can adapt this joke to our school:

Mr. Taylor in chemistry—"What is the most outstanding contribution chemistry has made to modern life?"

Sam Denby—"Blondes."

Tech Tattler—DANFORTH TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

Everything in this edition is done with the best taste; small but good.

The Parkdalian—Parkdale C.I., Toronto.

Many interesting articles. The Battle of 1930-1931 a feature.

P.C.I. Student—"Have you heard our new school song?"

The Other—"What is it?"

P.C.I. Student—" 'Chemistry Blues.' The words aren't much, but, oh! the air."

The following schools have been added to our exchange and we will have the pleasure of reviewing their editions in our next publications.

Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

East York.

North Bay Collegiate Institute.

Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School.

—Ed. McClure.

STAFF CHANGES

WE are glad to have Miss Ingham back. She has returned after two years' absence due to illness. Your very good health, Miss Ingham!

Mr. Clarke is with us again after a lapse, difficult to understand. He went to Jarvis!

Miss Sutherland tried us out for a year then accepted a permanent appointment.

We welcome heartily Miss Smeaton, Mr. Burke and Mr. Heisey, who came to Malvern in September.

Miss Smeaton is Toronto-born. She taught previously at Morrisburg and at Jarvis C. I.

Mr. Burke comes from Guelph. He taught for some years in the Sudbury High and Technical Schools.

Mr. Heisey turned from engineering at Kirkland Lake to teaching. He was at Niagara before coming to Malvern.

Four teachers who were on the staff last year severed their connection with us for various reasons.

Miss Dafoe resigned after some years of very successful teaching, to marry Mr. William Martin, of Palma, Mallorca.

Miss Howard supplied at Malvern for a year and was subsequently appointed to Parkdale C. I. Lucky Parkdale!

Mr. Lucas was appointed last summer to the Ontario Public School Inspectors' Staff and assigned to West Kent District. We congratulate him while very much regretting his departure from Malvern.

Mr. Farmer taught one year but has given up teaching for a life of more varied interests.

—J. M.

LA SECTION FRANÇAISE

LES "MAPLE LEAFS" JOUENT CONTRE LES "CANADIENS"

Par Harold Garfield

BONSOIR, mesdames et messieurs. Cette belle joute de hockey vous vient ce soir sur l'onde de C.H.R.C. du Forum et est présentée par courtoisie des fabricants des cigarettes Winchester, d'un mélange parfait, pour votre plaisir et votre divertissement. C'est Foster Hewitt du Daily Star qui annonce.

Le score de la deuxième période est de deux à deux, et on peut me croire quand je vous dis que c'est un jeu très contesté. Comme tout le monde sait déjà, cette lutte est jouée entre les Maple Leafs et les Canadiens. Ah! voilà de nouveau les joueurs sur la glace. L'arbitre laisse tomber la rondelle entre les deux joueurs du centre et Lépine qui joue l'aile gauche le prend; il fait son élan—Chabot tombe à genoux pour arrêter la rondelle. L'arbitre met Horner en pénitance parce qu'il bousculait Mondou. Clancy et Blair sont au centre du rond—Oh! Oh! malédiction! Clancy s'est accroché et à ce moment-ci il est à plat sur le dos. Mantha a la rondelle, mais Morenz, l'étoile du Canadien, a traversé la ligne bleue avant Mantha; c'est pourquoi l'arbitre sonne la clochette. Mais voyez donc!! Day et Mondou se battent dans un coin. Mon Dieu! Ce seront des pugilistes un de ces jours, ça saute aux yeux! Les arbitres ne les voient pas. Quelle veine! Horner revient au jeu. Finnegan prend la rondelle—la fait passer à Gracie, Gracie renverse la défense, il n'y a que Hainsworth devant lui—Mon Dieu! La foule perd la tete!

Ah! bah! Hainsworth attrape la rondelle dans ses gros gants—c'est tout à fait comme lui. Il la lance dans le coin. Les Montréalais sont contents—et c'est ça! Morenz est tout seul—à la defense—comme ce garçon-là patine! Il se faufile entre les joueurs de la défense mais ce joueur remarquable, Horner, lui enlève la rondelle. Consternation de Morenz!

Maintenant il y aura un petit relâche pendant qu'on change les joueurs. Darragh, Conacher, et Cotton pour les Leafs; Larochelle, Gagnon pour le Canadien. C'est encore manche à manche. Le match vous vient du poste C.H.R.C. Le jeu recommence Conacher prend la rondelle mais, avant qu'il puisse faire un seul pas, Larochelle la lui enlève pendant que la défense le terrasse. Conacher se met en colère! Darragh prend la rondelle et il la donne à Conacher. Conacher se trouve tout seul—au milieu du rond—la joute s'achève—comme Conacher est rapide! Sapristi! Il rend la foule haletante! Conacher patine autour de la défense—tout le monde est debout! Conacher fait un but!!! Et voilà la clochette et ainsi la fin du match. Le score final est trois buts pour les Maple Leafs de Toronto contre deux pour les Canadiens. Le récit de cette partie est irradié par le poste———.

Image et histoire originelle par JACK KEANE, IIA.

Traduction française par HAROLD GARFIELD, IVA.

HENRIETTE DESROCHES ÉCRIT À UNE AMIE

Par Edith Martin

Ma mignonne:—

C'est aujourd'hui que nous repartons pour Paris. Nous avons passé toute notre lune de miel en Suisse. Cependant ce n'est pas la première fois que nous visitons le mont Blanc.

Il y a cinq mois mon père, ma mère et moi sommes partis en voyage. Mais je dois te dire que papa nous promettait ce voyage depuis deux ans.

Quand nous étions arrivés à la gare j'ai reconnu deux jeunes gens, Armand Desroches et Daniel Savary qui m'avaient fait danser au bal du huitième arrondissement. Je les ai présentés à ma mère et ils lui ont plu.

A coup sûr ils nous suivaient parce qu'ils tâchaient de savoir quelle était notre destination, et dès lors nous les avons rencontrés partout. Tous les deux s'efforçaient de gagner notre estime. Ils faisaient leur possible pour nous plaire et j'ai fini par éprouver un sentiment d'admiration pour Monsieur Desroches. Cette admiration s'est changée plus tard en amour à cause d'événements qui ont montré son courage et son dévouement.

Quand nous étions en Suisse mon père est monté à cheval avec des éperons. Le cheval s'est cabré et mon père (oh! quand j'y pense!)

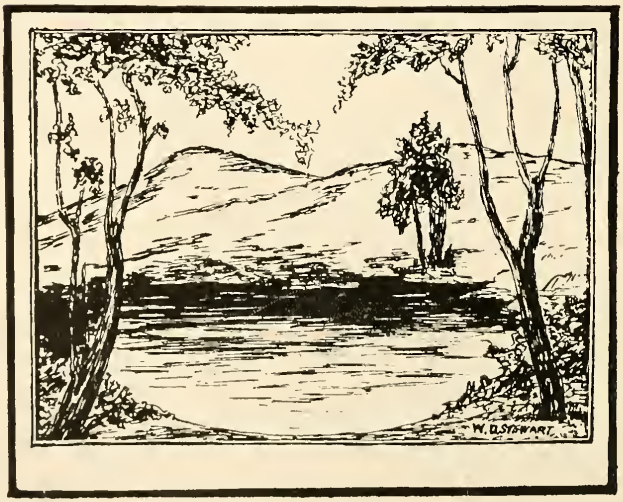
est tombé dans un précipice. A ce moment mon cher Armand s'est élancé et il en a retiré mon père sain et sauf.

Quand nous sommes revenus à Paris Armand avait déjà demandé ma main en mariage à ma mère et Daniel avait fait la même demande à mon père. On m'a donné le choix et après avoir réfléchi quelque temps j'ai choisi Armand. Mais quelle fut ma surprise quand mon père me dit qu'il aimait mieux Daniel et qu'il en voulait à Armand. Mon amant avait compris aussi l'antipathie de mon père et voulait nous faire ses adieux. Mais je n'aimais pas Daniel et je l'ai dit à Armand.

Je ne comprends pas encore pourquoi mon père a changé d'avis mais ce jour-là il a accepté Armand comme gendre. Je n'avais jamais été si heureuse! Quand nous serons installés dans la nouvelle demeure de mon mari je serai ravie que tu viennes nous y faire une longue visite. Mon mari, à qui j'ai parlé de toi, tient beaucoup à faire ta connaissance, et moi, je serai très fière de te le présenter.

Je raffole de mon nouveau nom qui est celui de mon chéri. Ton amie affectueuse signe aujourd'hui.

(Madame) Armand Desroches.



EIN BRIEF AN EINEN DEUTSCHEN FREUND

Lieber Franz:—

Du hast mir einen Brief über die deutschen Schulen geschrieben und so werde ich versuchen, die unsrige zu beschreiben.

Unsere Gymnasien sind alle Volkschulen. Keinem Schüler, welcher die erforderliche Berechtigung dazu hat, ist der Eintritt unseren Volkschulen verweigert. Das aber wird dich wohl nicht interessieren, also werde ich mich einschränken auf dass ich nur eine Beschreibung unserer deutschen Stunde gebe. Ich studiere Deutsch erst nur drei Jahre, denn ich war schon in der dritten Klasse ehe ich es anfing. Zuerst waren unsere Stunden etwas eintönig, aber später hatten wir unsere Freude daran, dass wir anfingen Märchen und Erzählungen zu lesen. Eine solche interessante Geschichte ist jene von-Haroun-el-Raschid, dem berühmten Kaliph von Bagdad. Der Kaliph hatte ein geheimnisvolles Pulver untergeschluckt womit Menschen sich in Tieren verwandeln konnten. Also änderte er sich in einem Storche. Als Tier, dürfte man nicht lachen sonst würde man in der Gestalt eines Tieres bleiben. Der Kaliph lachte und ist seitdem König der Storchen geblieben.

Bald ging es mir mit dem Unterricht ganz anders. Ich musste englische Sätze ins Deutsche übersetzen. Solche Aufgaben habe ich nicht gern und oft wünschte ich, dass wir nur Lustspiele und Erzählungen lesen dürfen.

Gestern abend kam ein Musikfest, das ich deutlich hörte, durch die Luft von Deutschland über das Ozean zu uns her. Es war sehr komisch als der Redner sagte, "O.K., Vinchell." Die deutsche Lieder sind sehr melodisch.

Nun aber, wieder zur Schule!

Manchmal habe ich die Gelegenheit gehabt zu lachen. Vor ein paar Tagen, hat ein Knabe gesagt, "Nehmen Sie das *zu* (zoo) aus dem Satze heraus." *Zoo* bedeutet eine Menagerie. Der Lehrer hat auch etwas klug gesagt, aber es war auf Englisch. Er erlangte von einem Schüler etliche Beispielen von Sätzen verschiedener Arten. Der Knabe antwortete:

"John is sick.

Is John sick?

Sic 'em, John."

Wir haben ein Lustspiel, "Der Bibliothekar," studiert. Die Hauptpersonen sind zwei junge Burschen, namens Lothair Macdonald und Harry Marsland. Ein jeder hatte einen Onkel. Der Onkel Lothairs war ein wenig verrückt. Er glaubte, dass irgend ein junger Mann austoben sollte, ehe er anständig leben könnte. Der Onkel Harry's war nicht verrückt, aber er hatte eine liebliche Tochter die erst siebzehn Jahre alt war. Er fürchte, dass Harry sich mit seiner Cousine heiraten wollte.

Die jungen Leute hatten einen Gläubiger, namens Gibson, der sich für einen Gentlemen hielt, ob er gleich nur ein gemeiner, aber reicher Schneider war. Dieser will die Jungen in Schuldgefängnis setzen und es gibt eine komische Mannjagd. Unterdessen wird Lothair Bibliothekar bei Harry's Onkel. Lothair und Harry fingen an der Cousine und ihrer Freundin den Hof zu machen. Bald fand eine komische Unordnung statt, die nur ein Ende nahm, nachdem die ganze Sache ins Reine gebracht wurde. Dann gibt es zwei Verlobungen, Harry mit der Freundin, Lothair mit der Tochter des besten Freundes seines Onkels. Bald darauf folgten zwei Hochzeiten. Die Beiden Onkel waren ganz zufrieden und bezahlten die Rechnungen. Die jungen Ehepaare "lebten glücklich immer her."

Es würde mir ein wahres Vergnügen gewahren, einen anderen Brief von dir zu bekommen.

Grüsse mir deine Eltern,
Dein treuer,
S. SHANKMAN.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY

The far-off sound of a moving train
Comes to me weirdly through the rain,
Now strong and full,
Then faint and dull;
And its whistle shrieks an eerie song
As the panting engine forges along.

And, as I listen, I'm on that train
Rushing along with it through the rain
Into the sunlight,
Golden and bright;
Going to lands that I've longed to see;
To distant climes where I've pined to be.

Past lofty mountains, cloaked in snow;
Down to the verdant vales below;
By lake and sea,
O'er marsh and lea;
Through bustling cities, by silent hills,
'Mid waving grain, and whirling mills.

The dream fades quickly into the gloom
Of a dreary winter's afternoon,
And far away
To my dismay,
Sounds the scornful hoot of the dashing train,
And I'm left to my hopes and wishes again.

—MADGE PRICE.

MALVERN HOME AND SCHOOL CLUB

LOOKING back over the past year's work, the president and officers of the Malvern Home and School Club feel that they have successfully completed many of their undertakings but have much to accomplish in the coming year. One of our greatest problems is keeping alive the interest the parents have felt in their child's life during the public school period. A great many mothers and fathers feel that when their children enter the secondary school that they are indeed growing up and do not need the same sympathetic understanding as formerly in their school life.. The Home and School Club offers the parents an opportunity of taking an interest not only in the academic, but also in the athletic and social life which is so much a part of the High School student's education.

We gave our annual graduate's dance on the night of Commencement; over three hundred students were invited, and we are sure that they will carry away with them very happy memories of Malvern. We are planning a banquet for the winning rugby teams on March 18th.

A $500 bond was purchased last spring and the interest on it, amounting to $15, was presented to Miss Madge Price, the first winner of the Quarter Century Scholarship. Next Commencement, the interest will $25, and with the aid of the parents we soon hope to reach our objective of $50 each year. We are planning the purchase of another $100 bond. With the permission of Mrs. Rogers we have called the Mathematical award the William Henry Rogers Medal, and it, with the Dr. Lingwood Latin Medal, was given at Commencement. We also gave silver and bronze medals for oratory to both girls and boys.

The Programme Committee have arranged very interesting meetings and can ask outstanding speakers to address our club if we can be assured of a sufficiently large audience to make it worth their while to come to us.

A by-law was passed by the Ontario Federation of Home and School Clubs that every club to be in good standing must pay 10c per member to the Federation. This money will be used for the support of the central office and for extension work in rural districts where funds are low. To meet this, our club found it necessary to increase their fee to 35c.

We ask for the coming year a more active co-operation and interest from all the parents in our various activities.

—EDNA N. WALKINSHAW, President.

ALUMNI

THE Grad's of '31 have gone, their paths have diverged and they have left Malvern's paternal walls, and have sallied forth to battle with life armed with five year's training. But though they no more stroll through the halls of their Alma Mater they will never be forgotten, for they form a link in Malvern's glorious past, without which the chain were incomplete. Thus, we take this opportunity of making known to you the activities which many of your former friends and colleagues pursue.

A number of last year's "illustrious fifth" despairing over the much discussed weaknesses of modern youth, felt disposed to prepare themselves to take coming generation in hand and for this purpose are attending Normal School. These inspired students are Charley Box, Betty Brownlee, James Davey, Kathleen Geddes, Harry McArthur, Thelma Parker, Sarah Siegel, Muriel Wellar, Margaret Westlake and Rowan Wilson.

Ernest Aeberli and John Birrel are studying at Varsity, while Mimi Gould, Elizabeth Kennedy and Dorothy Schauffler are also experiencing the first thrills of college life.

Helen Duke and Phyllis Reid are training at St. Michael's, while Helen Curliss is practising the noble profession at the General.

Cleeve Horne is following the natural trend of his genius at the College of Art.

Betty Oakes and Mary Starr, feeling that financial circles will provide the greatest scope for their activities, are now employed in the Canada Life, while Dorian Wray and Gertrude McGregor have enlisted the help of Shaw's before making their debut into the world of secretaries and stenographers.

Margaret Wilson and Reginald Watters are, of course, taking advantage of the scholarships which they won. We wish them every success!

Ruth Philips and Ruth Reed are at Gregg's Business College.

The students of the past year certainly seem to have upheld Malvern traditions and to have been successful in their attempts to establish themselves in the world, but this success has not merely been confined to last year's pupils as clearly shown by an extract from a letter which Elizabeth Harris, a graduate of Malvern, writes to us. "In an all too short visit with Miss Barr, I inadvertently consented to jot down a few of the events in my life since leaving Malvern. Where to start is indeed a simple enough matter, but what to say and when to stop is quite a different one.

"On the day of my last matriculation examination I returned to St. Louis to live. In the fall of 1924 I entered Washington University, which is located in St. Louis. Four years later I graduated—somewhat wiser, no sadder, and much richer in the friends and knowledge which I had acquired.

"Another year was spent in graduate study, but it was not until June, 1930, that I received the degree of Master of Science. Immediately after finishing my work at the university I became an engineering assistant with the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, which position I still occupy and enjoy."

There are many others no less worthy of attention than those noted here, whom we would have liked to mention, but as space does not permit we may only express to one and all sincere desires for their future fortune.

—Dorothy Bell.

IN THE WOODS

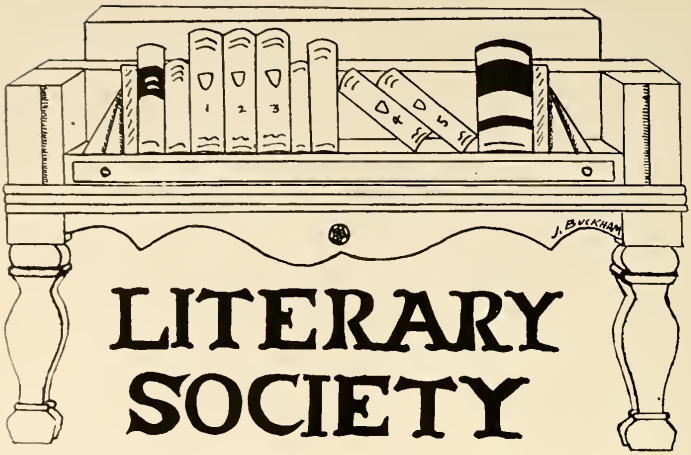
Blue patches far above the rustling green,
  Gold sunlight on the dark stem of the pine,
Brown fragrant needles, glossed with satin sheen,
  Sweet silence—and this magic hour is mine.

Two butterflies are flickering in the blue,
  Two little flames, all shining bronze and gold,
Two living bits of sunlight, fluttering through
  Where more light is than all the leaves can hold.

Across the branches of a fallen tree
  A fragile, trembling, spider web is spun,
All soft and pearly gray, and fair to see,
  All flashing opal fire in the sun.

Here is no care, but loveliness and rest,
  Here Beauty walks, in misty green and gray,
Here is the heart by perfect peace possessed,
  And quiet joy, that will not slip away.

—Ruth Shepard.



LITERARY SOCIETY

Honorary President.....Miss E. McGregor
President.....Jack Pond
1st Vice-President.....George Watson
2nd Vice-President.....Ruth Shepard
Secretary.....Dorothy Bell
Treasurer.....Frank Rook

FOR the six years preceding 1931 the Literary Society had confined its activities to public meetings held in the auditorium. Last year however, Interest Groups were organized in the Society in an endeavour to create more enthusiasm.

This year through an experience the executive has found that the pupils want the clubs to remain, but at the same time desire that several public meetings be held.

On the afternoon of January 14, a number of scenes from different Shakespearean dramas were presented in the school auditorium by Alan Wilkie and Miss Hunter Watts of Australia.

The first public meeting of the Literary Society took place on Tuesday, February 23. A very fine programme was arranged. The new Malvern Song rendered by the Girls' Club was a complete success. Mr. Silcox, a well-known lecturer throughout United States and Canada, entertained the audience with an interesting talk on "The Two America's."

The Dramatic Club, under the direction of Miss McGregor, presented a play entitled "A Night At An Inn."

The number of Interest Groups has been limited to five: Dramatic, Art, Debating, Nature and Science, and Poetry.

In conclusion we extend to Miss McGregor our sincere thanks for her kindly counsel and encouragement. We are grateful to those of the staff who have assisted the various clubs and to Principal Carl Lehmann for his courtesy at all times to the executive of the Literary Society. With the whole school solidly behind us we are looking forward to the future with increased confidence.

—J. POND.

THE POETRY CLUB

Adviser.....Miss Ingham
President.....Helen Oram
Secretary.....Gladys Neale

The Poetry Club meets twice a month under the leadership of Miss Ingham. At one meeting the original work of the members is read, criticized and discussed. The other meeting is for the study of some poet, on whose life one of the members prepares a paper.

The first meeting of the month is held at the school, while the second may be held elsewhere. Last year we had a particularly delightful meeting at the Public Library, where an open fireplace added to our enjoyment. We are hoping for a similar meeting in the near future.

—G. NEALE.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Adviser.....Miss MacGregor
President.....Ed. McClure
Business Manager.....Hazel Godwin
Secretary.....Lydia Orlando

The Dramatic Club this year is certainly not dragging through the general depression, on the contrary, ours is a period of boom and our programme has been fully carried out.

Two short plays are to be produced, and at our fortnightly meetings a representation of contemporary drama has been read.

Our members are fairly familiar now with the works of Ibsen, Shaw, Rostand, Galsworthy and Maeterlinck; these great playwrights having provided many interesting hours of reading up in S. 33.

We feel sure the club this year has been a success and we hope that Malvernites in the future will have the same splendid opportunity to develop their dramatic yearnings under Miss MacGregor's skilled supervision.

—ED. MCCLURE.

DEBATING CLUB

Mr. Bailey, the convener of the Debating Club, called the members of the club to its first meeting early in December. Art Irwin and Nora Cotton were appointed to the respective positions of president and secretary. The policy of promoting inter-form debating was again adopted. The work of the club began the first week of January, with the desire to complete all inter-form debating by the end of February. Due to unforeseen delays this idea was not carried out fully. However, the Lower and Middle School finals will take place sometime before Easter. The Debating of the Lower School teams has shown better results than those of the Middle School, due to a greater interest displayed by the Lower School pupils. The executive hope that the Middle and Upper School pupils will show a greater interest next year.

Following up Principal Lehmann's appeal for increased interest in public speaking the executive suggest that public speaking be considered as a work of the club. We also feel that a larger executive is needed if inter-form debating and public speaking are to become its work next year.

Debating this year has produced splendid results from the standpoint of improved oratorical ability among the contestants. Many future lawyers and politicians, etc., are appearing among the debaters.

The executive wishes to thank Mr. Bailey, Bill Stewart and Bruce McCorkell of 5C, and the staff, for their support and co-operation.

—N. Cotton.

THE NATURE AND SCIENCE CLUB

The Nature and Science Club is in the middle of what appears to be a very successful season. The officers of the club, who are as follows: Cy Quartermain, President; Dave McNulty, Vice-President; and Doug. Austen, Secretary, have rounded out a programme which has as its object the disbursement of scientific knowledge and the creation of interesting side lights on school studies. So far this year the club has held three meetings, in the form of a trip to the Hoyt Metal Co., a talk by Prof. Moore, and an open meeting conducted by the members themselves.

In closing I would like to pass along a suggestion to the executive of next year's club. There should be a closed membership of those interested in science and nature study, as a small number of interested students can derive more benefit from the meetings than a great number of indifferent members.

—D. C. Austen.

THE ART CLUB

This year's Art Club has been organized more as a class than a club. At the first meeting it was decided to elect no officers, the entire time of every member being spent in profitable work rather than talking and planning. This lack of formality has produced a much larger membership than that of former years.

At the first meetings the members of the Club began figure drawing in pencil, but with the acquisition of colour sets they swung into the more interesting still life painting in oil colours. Under the painstaking guidance of Miss Knight they have surprised themselves with the quality of the work produced.

There has, of course, been the usual group of students interested in clay modelling. They have made good use of the time spent in this work.

If a sufficient general interest is aroused the Club hopes to sponsor several talks by recognized Canadian artists, to be held in the auditorium. This, of course, depends on the support of the entire school rather than on the Art Club itself.

With the coming of warm weather the members expect to spend some time on outdoor sketching trips. These should produce some sketches worthy of a place over the mantel as well as providing a good deal of fun.

—F. K.

THE ORCHESTRA

EXECUTIVE

Honorary President.....Miss Muirhead
President.....Ethel Hanks
Secretary.....Lloyd Kippen
Treasurer.....Arnold Vitek
Conductor.....Mr. Brown

OUR orchestra is having a very successful year under the able leadership of Mr. Brown, who has given much of his time in past years. Malvern is indeed fortunate in having such an enthusiastic and talented musical leader.

Our opportunities of displaying our achievements have been considerably extended. For the first time there have been two assemblies per week instead of the usual weekly assembly. In this way we have been able to increase our contributions to these meetings.

As in former years, our orchestra contributed the musical activities at Commencement. We were also instrumental in making the annual Parents' night a success.

It is unfortunate that there is no occasion in the latter part of the school year when we could further show our accomplishments.

The enthusiasm of all has been demonstrated by the wholehearted attendances at practices and assemblies, and everyone has benefitted to a large extent by the instruction and experience.

Barbara Roberts, who acted as pianist of the orchestra, graduated last year, and appreciation of her services and enthusiasm should be recorded here.

—E. HANKS.

SOCIAL

So far this year we have had three tea dances at the school. The first one was under the auspices of the Girls' Athletic Society and was held in December. The Literary Society sponsored the next which was held in the middle of January. The Muse was responsible for the third one which took place near the end of February. They were all fairly well attended and I am sure everyone who was there had a good time. Jack Cooke's orchestra was in attendance at all the tea dances.

The annual ex-pupils dance was held this year on February the twelfth. There was quite a large crowd present and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. A coloured spotlight playing on the dancer as they swayed to the rhythm of Harry Bedlington's Savarin orchestra completed a very pretty picture. In the cafeteria which was prettily decorated with red and white streamers, as was the auditorium, a delightful supper was served.

The graduates dance which is given each year by the ladies of the Home and School Club to the fourth and fifth forms of the previous year was certainly a success. Everybody who could possibly come did and those who failed to attend missed a wonderful evening. The Blue Rhythm Boys supplied the music and did it very well. I am sure that I will be seconded by everyone who was present as I now move a vote of thanks to the ladies of the Malvern Home and School Club for the delightful evening which was made possible for so many of us by their unfailing kindness.

Commencement was held on an afternoon about the middle of November. Mr. Lehmann delivered a speech telling of the athletic and academic honours by our students in the past years. Mr. Hilton, Mr. Loftus Reid, and Mr. Brandon each made a few remarks which were followed by the presentation of diplomas, prizes, and athletic awards. Edgar Guest then told us in his own inimitable way of rugby, past and present. The bust of Mr. Lehmann which Cleeve Horne modelled last year was formally presented to the school. Our valedictorian this year was Reginald Watters and his subject was "My five years at Malvern".

—Dorie Learie.

THE MAIDS OF

MALVERN

EXECUTIVE

Advisory Officer.....Miss Muirhead
President.....Gladys Kippen
Vice-President.....Helen Philips
Secretary.....Doris Bailey
Treasurer .....Joan Fraser

CONVENERS

Sr. Beans.....Maud Godfrey
Jr. Beans.....Amy Schauffler
Glee Club.....Miss Russel
Social Service.....Lorraine Lush
Miss Cunningham
Publicity .....Madge Price
Interest Groups, Edith Stansfield
First Aid.....Edith Martin
Social .....Margaret Sinden
Stunt .....Nora Cotton
Sr. Swimming.....Kay McCrea
Jr. Swimming..Eleanor Roberts
Business Mgr.....Violet Lee
Handicraft .....Betty Fisher
Miss Sutherland
1st Form Reps.....Una Boyd
Ruth Gordon
Pianist .....Ethel Hanks

MAIDS OF MALVERN

THIS year the Maids of Malvern activities began with a Big and Little Sister Party. The new cabinet was introduced by the former president, Ruth Cunningham. A welcome was extended to all, during which the club's activities and purpose were explained, and the new motto, "Come, Enter In, the Gate Is Open Wide," was given as the theme for this year. After the programme, the Big Sisters put their Little Sisters through an initiation and all were rewarded with refreshments in the cafeteria. The party was happily concluded with dancing.

The following two weeks were devoted to the membership campaign which resulted in two hundred and fifty girls joining the Maids of Malvern. The annual hike was held in October and took the form of a hare and hound chase. The girls were divided into groups of countries with a leader for each. After supper two of the groups put on a play and a charade around the camp fire which were greatly enjoyed by the girls. Everyone took part in the candle-lighting ceremony about the large fire. The president lit her candle by the fire and passed on the light to each leader as a symbol of the ideals and purpose of the club. The leaders then lit the candles of the members, and singing "FOLLOW the GLEAM" they wound in and out the trees in a single great circle. The hike was closed with TAPS, and a tired yet happy band of girls turned homeward.

Near the end of October a "Take a Chance" meeting was held for the purpose of signing up for interest groups. The group leaders each explained her group and the stunt group favoured us with a charade.

In November we held a Deportment Meeting at which a debate, Resolved that Pupils were of Better Deportment in the Past than in the Present, was successfully carried on by Frankie McClung, Eileen Berril, and Edith Martin, Vera Whittell. A satire on deportment was given by the stunt group. Club pins were presented to Una Boyd, 1A, and Ruth Gordon, 1H, for having highest percentage in membership campaign. At the close of the meeting we gave out dolls to be dressed by the girls and used for Christmas stockings.

On December the eleventh a Tea Dance was held in aid of relief work. Due to the hearty response of the school we succeeded in raising forty dollars for social service at Christmas and throughout the winter.

Our Christmas meeting in December took place in the darkened auditorium, lighted only by wall lights and candles. A play, "The Christmas Guest" was prettily acted by the stunt group. The Glee Club sang a group of four carols, one of them French, which delighted the girls. Miss Burton, general-secretary of the Y.W.C.A. gave us an interesting account of Christmas in other lands, and brought the meeting to a close with a Vesper Service. The girls were given candy canes upon leaving.

In January the annual inter-form stunt contest was held, in which each year competed for the cup. The stunts showed excellent merit and the rivalry was keen. The fourth formers won the cup this year with the stunt "1066; and All That".

On February we are having a Birthday Party celebrating the club's twentieth birthday. It is to take the form of a masquerade with the girls dressed in children's costumes if possible. We hope the girls will have a jolly evening in dancing, games, and entertainment.

Later on in the month when there is enough snow, we will have a sleighing party, which will leave the school in sleighs and return to the cafeteria for refreshment.

The Annual Mother and Daughter Banquet will be held on April, the fifteenth.

We thank the staff very much for their kindly interest in all our activities, and the members for their fine co-operation. Without this support we could have done little towards making the Maids of Malvern a success this year.

—G. K.

"BEANS"

Members of the Maids of Malvern regard "Beans" as one of the many reasons for being glad they are High School girls.

There we meet girls from other schools, play, laugh and talk with them. At every Beans we learn something of friendship and sportsmanship. Beans is held every third Friday at the Y.W. on McGill Street. The supper tickets which are 25c. each may be bought from your Beans Representative.

Each one of us has some particular interest at Beans. Perhaps it is swimming or playing in the gym, perhaps it is speaking to new friends or the little talks and readings. Girls who like dramatics find an opportunity to do something for their school by helping to produce a skit at the Beans stunt competition. At the annual song Beans a cup is presented for the best original school song. As you all know Malvern won this for 1931. This year we gained second place. Then there is the swimming meet. Points gained in these competitions as well as good attendance at "Beans" and in the Gym. count towards the Ryrie Trophy which is presented annually to the best all-round girls' club affiliated with the "Y.W." The Maids of Malvern had the honour of winning this highly prized award last year and you can help to keep it at Malvern by taking an active interest in the club activities, especially those connected with "Beans".

It seems to me that in years to come when we recall our High School days, Beans nights will be remembered among the happiest of the many incidents enjoyed at Malvern.

—Maud Godfrey.

CAMP

Tapawingo—which is Indian for Place of Joy—is the name of the "Y" camp, which is near Parry Sound on Georgian Bay. And it certainly is a Place of Joy to the girls from the Toronto high schools, who camp there together after examination time in the city is over.

There is everything to make any kind of a girl happy—a morning dip to pep you up, a longer swim in the afternoon, hikes, games of baseball and volley ball, boat trips, canoeing, interest groups such as nature study, handicraft, reading and dramatics, and then in the evening the campfire or perhaps some other interesting program—a stunt night or a masquerade.

Some of us perhaps will remember longest the quiet time in the morning that each camper spends alone. Just a few moments set apart for thinking. Or perhaps some of us will remember the evenings around the campfire as we watched the stars come out or when we joined hands about the slowly dying camp-fire to sing "Good-night" and "Taps". We remember these times the longest because it is at such times, that we come to understand better the magic spell of camp which makes life more interesting, more worth while and more of an adventure for us.

"Where the dark forests clasp the shore,
Leaning low.
Where the soft breezes waft bird lore,
To and fro.
Where the ripples break and beat,
Where blue sky and forest meet,
Where the air is fresh and sweet
Let us go."

—A. E. S.

MAIDS OF MALVERN INTEREST GROUPS

The Social Service group under the leadership of Lorraine Lush and Miss Cunningham have done splendid relief work this year. At Christmas they sewed and filled over fifty large stockings, and through the splendid response of the pupils have sent five large bundles of clothing to the Neighborhood Workers for distribution. Just now they are busily engaged in sewing babies' layettes for a needy family, whom they have undertaken to look after till summer, sending a hamper of food each week. Throughout the winter more clothing would be gratefully accepted.

The First Aid group with Edith Martin in charge and Miss Goodman as instructor have completed five of their interesting lessons in home nursing. One of the meetings will be open to the school at which a doctor will illustrate the method of resuscitation. It is to be hoped that the pupils will respond heartily to this worth-while meeting.

The Stunt Group under the excellent management of Nora Cotton has done yeoman service this year. They put their Christmas play on at the "Y" and will take part in the junior and senior stunt contests there in March.

The Handicraft group has had as yet only two meetings, but under the direction of Betty Fisher and Miss Sutherland will likely accomplish much in the arts of interior decorating, and we hope they will be free to make the favours for our coming banquet.

The Swimming groups, junior led by Eleanor Roberts, and senior led by Kay McCrea have had several meetings at the "Y". The junior girls have taken part in the swimming meet, and we hope that more girls will enter the senior meet in March.

The Glee Club under the able leadership of Miss Russell have taken part in the club programme and helped with the new school song which won second place at the competition in January. We are hoping to hear from them again in the near future.

—Gladys Kippen, 4C.

LEAVES

Along a path, beneath the trees,
There lies a pile of fallen leaves.
Both beautiful
And wonderful,
As they rustle gently 'neath the breeze.

The wind swoops down and slowly lifts
The leaves about, in lustrous drifts;
And to and fro
They gently blow,
Most beautiful of nature's gifts.

In spring their tiny buds peeped thro',
In summer, were of greenish hue;
Till, summer gone
And autumn on,
They fall, to show the sky's deep blue.

—Helen Sewel, 2C.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

EXECUTIVE

Honorary President.....Mr. A. Hisey
President .....Robert Porter
Secretary .....Lloyd Nourse
Treasurer .....Cy. Quartermain

BOB PORTER

ANOTHER year of sport has rolled by and still the Red and Black colours are flying high. The name "Malvern", in all sporting activities has always remained symbolic of clean play, sportsmanship and perseverance ever since the first day that it appeared in competition.

Perseverance is one thing which has always stood well above all others in Malvern play. There never has been a sign of giving in until the final whistle has been blown. For years Malvern has been battling up-hill and in the last few years these efforts have been rewarded. We may be justly proud of our records as they are the result of many years of persistent endeavour.

This year we successfullly defended our Senior High School Rugby Championship and thus made it three

years in a row that Malvern has been on top. This record will take some few years to beat. Our Juniors with a practically new team kept up the old Malvern habit of being close, only to be edged out by Parkdale Collegiate who subsequently became city champions. The 125-pound team entered the finals in their division only to lose by a five to nothing score. This promises great things for next year's Junior team.

Hockey did not give us any championships but it certainly showed that Malvern is always in the game fighting. Lacrosse and basketball, two games that might easily be played at Malvern were sadly neglected last year. Many of our students are playing star parts in these games but for outside clubs. We would certainly like to see both these games encouraged at Malvern.

RUGBY

We have enjoyed a great season in Rugby this Fall. The Senior team again won the High School Rugby Championship while the Juniors despite their lack of experience were only put out after reaching the semi-finals.

Our Junior Team battled hard in every game, and considering the fact that only two or three had played Junior Rugby before, they were remarkably good. They gained their place in the semi-finals after beating Eastern Commerce the Central group winners. They held Parkdale Collegiate so well that the game was undecided until the last second. They were out-weighed and played in a sea of mud. We can certainly hope for at least a good Junior Team next year and may it have the same fighting spirit that carried the team of 1931 on.

This year's Senior Team was one of the most evenly balanced, smoothest-working outfits that Ted Reeve has ever produced. One may receive some idea of the strength of this team when we say that in four league games, a semi-final, and final, they scored one hundred and forty-six points against eleven. Eight of the eleven points scored against them were in the final game. It seemed too bad that such a team should not have been allowed to represent Toronto in the Provincial Finals. But that cannot be helped and it always seems better to finish the season victorious.

To pick out individual stars on either team would be impossible. The star of stars and the reason for our success is Ted Reeve. He has created among the fellows a spirit of friendship and co-operation which may be called the "stick, gang stick" spirit. Teddy gave to all of us the happiest moments of our lives and who else can do that? To lose such a coach, as is threatened, would be a blow not only to Malvern but to High School Rugby as well. We can never thank him enough for his unselfish work but we can wish him the best of luck, health, wealth, and happiness.

HOCKEY

Our Senior Hockey Team certainly did not finish in first place this year; but there was no sign of quitting shown. They fought every game until the last bell just as if it meant a championship. The boys were just as jubilant over their first goal scored as Jarvis ever felt in winning the league title. That's Malvern spirit and that's what makes "champions" later on. We hope to see better luck next year. The Junior Team has qualified for the finals which have yet to be played. We wish them the best of luck.

—Bob Porter.

TRACK AND FIELD

Senior Champion.....William Wareham
Intermediate Champion.....Hubert Lawson
Junior Champion.....Ray Robson
Mile Champion.....Cyril Quartermain

At the annual field-day of Malvern Collegiate Institute in 1931 much promising athletic material was discovered. The interest in this particular branch of sport has been steadily increasing, and last year Malvern boasted the largest track team in her history.

The local meet was featured by a brilliant display of sprinting by William Wareham and Frank Rook, veteran members of the team, who captured all the sprint events in the senior and intermediate classes respectively. Both boys have been prominent in city and provincial championships for some years, and were the heavy scorers for Malvern in outside competition.

Hubert Lawson displayed surprising strength in the jumps, making a clean sweep of the field events in his class, and thus winning the intermediate silver trophy.

Ray Robson defeated a large number of contestants in the junior class by showing the greatest individual versatility of any member of the team. He won the junior title by virtue of first or seconds in practically every event on the programme. Robson's specialty is the running high jump in which he has attained a height of 5′ 2″. R. Andres, a recent addition to the team from Chicago, smashed the record for the shot-put with a splendid put of over 41 feet. In the Ontario Athletic Commission Meet for the Toronto and District Championship at Varsity Stadium Andres broke the Toronto record but was in turn defeated by a very narrow margin. He had the same experience in the Ontario Championships, again breaking the record only to lose first place. We expect Malvern will win its first Ontario title in the 1932 meet in this event if Andres continues to improve.

The best event of the local field-day was the mile run, which was bitterly contested by C. Quartermain and H. Morgan, who easily outdistanced a splendid field to stage a thrilling last-lap sprint for the tape, Quartermain winning by a narrow margin. Both runners repre-

sented the school at the Board of Education Games at Exhibition Park, and in a field of 15 runners the Malvern "M" placed second, Quartermain, and third, Morgan. The event was won by the perennial champion, Elliott, of Central Tech, who was forced to a new record by the Malvern boys in their closing challenge. Morgan provided the biggest thrill for Malvernites when he judged a beautiful race in the mile run at Varsity Stadium. He held back in the early stages and then closed in on the leader in an amazing gun-lap sprint, which only failed by inches to win for him the Toronto and District Championship.

In competition with all Secondary Schools in Toronto Malvern scored more points than ever before, although the total consisted of seconds and thirds only. However, the team gave promise of steady improvement, and in 1932 we expect several individual titles in addition to a greatly increased point total.

The following boys who qualified for the Malvern C.I. Track Team by placing first or second in the local meet represented Malvern in the Ontario Athletic Commission meet at the University of Toronto Stadium, and in the Board of Education meet at Exhibition Park:

William Wareham, Hubert Lawson, Ray Robson, Cyril Quartermain, Hilliard Morgan, Robert Andres, Frank Rook, Robert Milne, Ernest McWilliams, Ian MacMillan, Alex. Garvin, A. Hudson, Jack Wilson, Keith Warner, Harold Amey, Robert Crapper, Harry Turner, Gordon Lowry.

Mr. Crozier, of the moderns department, was the coach of the team.

—J. K. C.

SHOOTING

IN the season of 1930-31 Malvern had two fine rifle teams. Most of the credit is due to Mr. Lucas and to Mr. Blakeley, who coached the teams.

Although a number of medals were won by some of the individual members of the team, Malvern did not win any championship. In the Mason Trophy Competition, Malvern was not very successful. Harry MacArthur won the Strathcona Medal in his competition.

The following won medals in the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association competition: Special Class—Harry MacArthur for first prize. The remaining won medals for over ninety per cent.—H. Gillis, K. O'Brien, J. Wilson, S. Hutchings, D. Pike, H. Galster, C. Horne, F. Botsford, R. Grant, D. Milner, G. Downer and Jack Standing.

We also entered in the Dominion Marksmen Shoot. Many boys won badges, both bronze and silver.

This year instead of a Junior and Senior team we are only having one team. Mr. Blakeley will again direct us. The team will contest for some cups which will add to the enthusiasm of the team.

I wish all the members of the team luck for the coming year, and may I be the first to congratulate the winner of the cup.

—JACK B. STANDING.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

—Malvern's outstanding Flying Wing of all time was one Gordon (Jink) Duke (1911-1914). Gord was one of Canada's first airmen and was killed while flying in England?

—In the early days our rugby squads boasted of such stars as "Howie" Orr, Cecil Annis, "Sandy" Pearce, Morris Hughes, Dick Kidd, "Mac" Muirhead (yes, a brother), Frank Commins, Eric Lickley, and How Hamlin? These compare with the best of the present crop.

—Malvern won the Junior High School title for the first time in 1923, with only four substitutes, and defeated Oakwood to the tune of 19—11?

—Malvern repeated in the Junior in 1924?

—This 1924 team has been rated as the best junior team to date? It included such stars as "Yip" Foster (later with Balmy Beach and Boston Bruins), "Red" Moore (of Balmy Beach and M.A.A.A. fame), Claude Harris (of Balmy Beach, now starring with Marlboros), (Dr.) Johnny Stewart (later outstanding flying wing with Varsity), Freddie Rose and Hatton Taylor, to mention just a few.

—This team scored 152 points in four games; was never scored against and won the final 25—0?

—This team defeated Varsity III team (Junior Intercollegiate) by the score of 8—0 in a half-hour game on Varsity campus and won going away?

—Malvern Rowing Club was organized in 1922 and had as its first Henley crew Hilbert Mason (str.), Tom Ivens (3), Johnny Stewart (2), Harold Kirke (bow)?

—Malvern oarsmen have won five Dominion High School Championships in the fours and two in the eights. They have won seven Dominion Day Regatta titles and have raced a dead heat?

—Malvern has defeated on the water Upper Canada College, Hamilton Collegiate, Hamilton Tech., St. Catharines C. I., Ottawa Glebe C. I., Brockville C. I., Parkdale C. I., Buffalo H. S. and Lafayette (Buffalo) H.S.? Malvern has not lost a race since 1922.

—The boats used cost $550.00 and the money was raised through the efforts of the Malvern Merry Minstrels?

—We won our only hockey title in 1924, defeating Humberside 1—0?

—Jack Guest, winner of the Diamond Sculls, is Hon. President of the Rowing Club?

—Seven members of the Balmy Beach Rugby Team, Dominion Champions for 1930, were ex-Malvern players?

—Malvern gymnasium teams were for years among the best in the province, and (strange to say) were first organized in 1915 by Mr. L. H. Clarke?

—A. W. B.

ROWING

Honorary President.....Jack Guest
President.....William Stewart
Vice-President.....John Pond
Secretary-Treasurer.....Donald Walkinshaw
Coach.....Mr. Blakeley

Bill Stewart

IN SPITE of the fact that rowing is, with regard to the school term, a post-seasonal sport, the machines in the armouries work at fever pitch all through the year. For spring training the crews go to the Argonaut Rowing Club, where their racing boats ere kept and where conditions are favourable for training on the water.

The popular idea of rowing seems to be that a strong man steps into a boat, splashes his oar into the water and pulls—the strongest man winning the race. This is, of course, erroneous. While muscle is necessary, it is secondary in importance to good form. It is very possible, for instance, for the weakest contestant in a race to win. He may get more distance with each stroke and with less exertion.

An analysis of one stroke will serve to illustrate the perfect co-ordination between mind and muscle necessary to good form. (1) The knees and back are fully bent, arms outstretched, oar turned with the blade perpendicular to the water. (2) The back is straightened with knees still bent. (3) This position is held while knees straighten and the seat moves along the slide. (4) The back moves backward. (5) The arms are bent. (6) The oar is turned to a horizontal position. Each movement is duplicated in reverse order to come forward; the less splash the better the stroke. In the beginner, each movement is separate. *In the oarsman, the movements synchronize in a smooth stroke.*

All through the year the teams work for form and condition for the two possible races, viz., Dominion Day Regatta at Toronto and

Canadian Henley at St. Catharines. The crews are sent to St. Catharines for about a week, where they go through mild work-outs and then make use of the year's training. At this meet they mix with the cream of sportsmen. Malvern, more often than not, takes first place. It is a school habit.

The boys work in the knowledge that, owing to the season, the glory of their win with the black- and red-tipped blades will fade before the next school term. Yet sufficient unto rowing is the sport thereof.

—W. D. Stewart.

Back Row—Ralph Pittis, Don Walkinshaw, Jack McEachern, Bruce McCorhill, Tom Westlake, A. Blakeley.
Front Row—A. Fisher, W. Stewart, R. Munroe, A. Wickens, J. Pond.

CADETS

LAST Spring Inspection was held in the school grounds. Much preparation went for naught when we found at the last moment that, owing to heavy rains, Ulster Stadium could not be used. Despite this set-back, the Inspection went over very well and Col. McCrimmon reported us "excellent" on all matters. Our Colonel, Charlie Box, a rare admixture of leniency and firmness, handled everything to the King's taste, and the boys deserve real credit for the support they gave him. We were helped greatly during the year by Dr. Alex. Fisher in our First Aid work and by Sergt.-Major Young in our Physical Training and Officers' Class. This year we are turning our eyes again towards Ulster Stadium. Jack Standing will be Colonel! He has given five years of enthusiastic help.

A good band is a very necessary feature of any cadet corps. Malvern has always been particularly well off in this department. But there certainly has never been a band lieutenant that has devoted the interest and energy that Charlie Galster has for two years. Ed. McClure, too, deserves real credit for organizing a really up-to-date First Aid Corps.

Many officers will be leaving this year and their support has been so whole-hearted that they will be hard to replace. To repay the boys who unselfishly have given time and support in Cadet work an assault-at-arms will be organized in the Spring and put on next Winter. Should this be well supported it will be made an annual affair. The Empire Day Parade this year will in all probability not include High Schools. Accordingly this work will be over early in May.

—A. W. B.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Hon. Presidents.....Miss McAlpine, Miss Nichol
President.....Madge Price
Secretary.....Grace Phillips
Treasurer.....Pat Aldington

CRESTS

As "Champions of Toronto," the girls' senior basketball team for 1930-31 was presented this year with crests by the City and the Silver Trophy of the Toronto Intercollegiate Basketball Association. The winners also received school pins from the Girls'Athletic Society, and "M's" were given to Misses McCrea, Kippen, Nixon, Kennedy and Clayton. The members of the team were Ruth Cunningham, Muriel Wellar, Jean Cline, Thelma Parker, Hazel McCrae, Gladys Kippen, Grace Nixon, Elizabeth Kennedy.

BADMINTON

This is the first year that Badminton equipment has been bought. Part of the proceeds from the athletic masquerade were used by the Athletic Club to buy four racquets and a supply of shuttles. The girls have formed a Badminton Club and come before school to play in the "gym." From now on Badminton will have a definite place in gym work. The girls enjoy it very much and Lorraine Pellett, 2A, as the curator, should be thanked for the fine work she has done in supervising the Badminton beginners.

BASKETBALL

In order to give more girls throughout the school the opportunity to play basketball, the old plan of a picked junior and senior team playing the other schools in its section of the city has been discontinued in order to try out a new system. Whether the old form of league games will be discontinued for the future depends on the success of the new plan this year. Now each form has its own team and a final winner is declared from the fifths, fourths, thirds, seconds and firsts. This year the winning fourth and winning third teams played the corresponding winners of Riverdale Collegiate, resulting in a close victory for Malvern fourths and a defeat for Malvern thirds. Malvern's home game has not yet been played.

The winners of the third, second and first forms are playing home and home games with Danforth Technical. In the different sports exhibition games can be arranged with any of the other city schools when the basketball schedule has been finished.

The line up for 4C—Nora Cotton (Captain), Gladys Kippen, Edith Martin, Audrey Wilson, Rene McCrea, Eleanor Ketchen, May McDougall and Jean La Trobe.

3D line up—Jean Davis (Captain), Bertha Portwood, Ruth Thomas, Helen Norman, Bernadotte Morin, Elsie Sale, Patience Rapley, Pat Aldington, Grace Phillips, Florence Passey.

The winners of the second and first forms are not yet declared.

Best luck to the new system. Let us hope all the girls have a good time at their games.

Last year's winning basketball team of the first forms was 1H. The winners of the baseball were 1D.

Left to right—M. Davidge, G. Saye, D. Couchman, H. G. Fairbairn, G. Smith, D. Bailey, I. Smith, A. Schauffler (Captain).

MADGE PRICE

GIRLS' FIELD SPORTS

With the memory of 1930 field sports well in mind, many of the girls began practising with good spirit and high hopes early this year. The turnout on Field Day was very good. All the races provided plenty of excitement for the entrants and onlookers alike.

Cups were donated by the Girls' Athletic Club for senior and junior championships. The winner of the senior cup was Madge Price, 5C, with 15 points, Hazel Godwin being a close second with 13 points. Delcia Couchman, 2D, was the winner of the junior with twenty-four points.

Here's wishing the Girls' Athletic Club more success next year, and that means the co-operation of all the Malvern girls.

DELCIA COUCHMAN

TENNIS

THE CANON BAYNES-REED TROPHY

RENE MCCREA

The annual competition for this trophy got off to a good start with sixty entries this year. In spite of the drawback of bad weather, the games were played off in fair time. Rene McCrea, Reva Purdon, Ena Gall and Vera Bloodsworth won through the semi-finals. Rene McCrea and Ena Gall qualified to contest the final match. Rene McCrea won the first set 6—4, then Ena came to the fore taking the set 6—1. The final set came to an exciting finish with Rene winning 9—7. The entries for this year's competition were excellent; here's hoping they will be as good next year.

—MADGE PRICE.

BASEBALL TEAM

Left to right—C. Lamontaigne, L. Morton, E. McLeod, J. Sweetman, G. O'Mara, K. Knight, V. Stiffler, L. Pellett, (absent) M. Ogden (Captain).

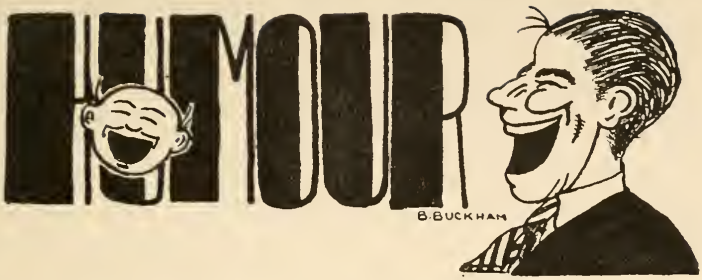
MALVERN COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
FINANCIAL REPORT

June 30, 1931, to February 20, 1932

Receipts		Expenditures	
Balance, June 30, 1931	$203.71	Rugby Supplies	$309.50
Gate Receipts—		Referees—Rugby	27.50
Malvern vs. Cent. Tec.	36.76	Supplies for Games	34.54
Malvern vs. Riverdale	46.30	Insurance	56.25
Malvern vs. Jarvis	77.83	Special Expense Fund	52.50
Malvern vs. N. Toronto	33.68	East Toronto Hospital	32.50
Malvern vs. Harbord and E.C.	97.00	Doctor Bills	54.00
Malvern vs. Parkdale	57.70	Awards	49.90
Malvern vs. Jarvis	226.40	Wreath	5.00
Athletic Fees	238.05	Printing	3.12
Collection from Teams	8.25	Telephone	.70
Gen. Acci. Assur. Co.	32.50	Photographs	8.00
Interest on Bank Deposit	3.44	Hockey Practice	59.00
		Hockey Expenses	9.90
		Balance Feb. 20, 1932	359.21
	$1,061.62		$1,061.62

FAMOUS FIFTH-FORM FACTS

Name	Alias	Appearance	Weakness	Favourite Expression	Chief Ambition	Ultimate Fate
Mr. Clark	Lorne	For-Lorne	None?	All right?	x ?	Infinity
H. Johnston	Johnnie	Sweet	Golfers	He didn't, did he?	5′ 10″	Mrs. 5′ 10″
S. Denby	Sam	Geo. Jessel	Girls	Boy! she's smart!	To learn his Latin	School teacher
R. Burrows	Ronnie	Neat	Spats	Could it be done this way, Sir?	Pass in French	To be one of the hoi-polloi
B. Bowles	Bea	Plump	Moustaches	Oh Pete!	English and History	150 lbs.
J. McEachern	Johnnie	Ha cha! Ha cha!	Chemistry	Parbleu!	Linguist	Court interpreter
S. Shankman	Solly	Prehistoric	Science	I don't think that is right!	Professor Einstein	Bachelor
M. Price	Madge	Studious	Men	I'm English	Librarian	School mar'm
B. McCorkell	Bruce	Lanky	Arguing	I don't agree	Orator	Sprinter
H. Routh	Helen	Stream-lined	Perfume	Oh Dorothy!	To be a singer	Skeleton
H. Brennen	Hughie	Good-looking	Hockey	I LOVE you	Big league catcher	Caught her
I. Phillips	Irv.	Frequent	Big women	Stop!	Electrical engineer	Running the spotlight
G. McDaniel	Mac	Reserved	Blondes	Oh Pulee-eze!	None	Fudge stirrer
M. Spence	Marm	Very pleasing	Dark, curly hair	Bill said that——	Mrs. Ab. Box	Mrs. Duncan
D. Austen	Doug	5 feet	Wrestling	I see————	Big business man	Graduate(?)
G. Watson	Jose	Benevolent	Dot Bell	Now look here!	Scholarship	Soap box orator
D. Thomas	Doris	Husky	Bachelors	74th question please?	Prima Donna	Old maid



Some jokes may be funny
And others slightly rude.
Some are likely senseless
And others very crude.
But to make us happy
These jokes are quite the style.
Please don't skip this section—
You're guaranteed to smile.

* * * *

Alma Venables—"Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Certainly, we cater to everyone."

* * * *

Deadey—"Yes, it took me about six weeks to learn how to play rugby."

Aunt—"What have you for your pains?"

Deadey—"Liniment."

* * * *

Mr. Day—"When is Madam used and when is Dame used?"

Botsford—"Madam is used when speaking to a lady and Dame is used when speaking about a lady."

* * * *

"Now then, Quartermain," said Mr. Taylor after a long eulogy on some famous inventors, "what would you like to invent?"

"Well, Sir," replied Quartermain, "I'd like to invent a machine so that by simply pressing a button all my homework would be done."

Mr. Taylor frowned. "That's very lazy of you," he reprimanded. "Now let Nourse tell us what he would like to invent."

Nourse yawned. "Something to press the button," he said.

* * * *

A well-known chemist says the best dissolution for gold is a boy and girl engaged.

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the courtesy.

—Advertising Staff.

Stewart—"My car is at the door."
Rook—"Yes, I hear it knocking."

* * * *

"All right on behind, there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. Wolfenden was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

* * * *

"Please, Mum," began the aged hero in appealing tones, as he stood at the kitchen door on wash day, "I've lost my leg——"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.

* * * *

Helen Johnson to Dorie Learie—"What is the difference between a sigh, an expensive automobile and a baboon?"

Dorie—"How should I know?"

Helen—"A sigh is O Dear! the expensive car is too dear, and the baboon is you, dear."

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FAVOURITE EXPRESSIONS OF MALVERN TEACHERS

"Nein, nein, nein!"—Miss Smeaton.

"Next time I'll send a letter home."—Miss Cunningham.

"Now, is someone asking me for a detention down there?"—Mr. Horton.

"Now, it's all very easy if you put your mind to it."—Mr. Hisey.

"Are you really thinking or are you merely trying to remember?"—Miss Muirhead.

"All right?"—Mr. Clarke.

"Eh-eh-eh! What's going on down there?"—Mr. MacQuarrie.

"I'm the referee and you're the players, and you must abide by the rules"—Mr. Burke.

"Out with the dictionaries, boys! Out with the dictionaries!"—Mr. MacNaughton.

"Any absentees?"—Mr. Taylor.

"All right. I'll take five marks off your term marks."—Mr. Kerr.

"Write out all you know about the Red River Settlements."—Mr. Blakeley.

"Sapristi!"—Mr. Crozier.

"Do you want to get thrown out on your ear?"—Mr. Philp.

"This is only public school work."—Mr. Brown.

"Stop talking!"—Miss MacAlpine.

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COOKE'S TOURS

One fine Day in the month of Aprile, May, or June, a bald father and his Balderston were Standing on the corner without their Maw, when an Austen with the Hood down came along. They heard a Bell ringing and they were very Egar to get there, so they put on full Powers and drove o'er More and Fenn. They saw Birds, such as Curlews and Herons flying around. They heard a Russell and saw a Hare in its Burrows. They even drove through a Pond, running over some Fishers. They thought they were going to Sinkin.

Upon arriving, they went into a Baker's shop where the Cooke was taking Bowles of Rice out of the Ovens and packing them in Cartans. Prior to this, they had wished to buy an ice cream Cohen, but the Price being more than a Penney, they thought it was too much ex-Spence.

They heard a Chanter singing a Carroll, but he had been to De-war and was rather Learie. He kept saying, "Am I a Holman Oram I a mere Shunk of meat?"

They gave him a Toye Ball and left him in Bot's-ford.

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received the first Pineapple grown in England

CHARLES II of England was very fond of Pineapples and quantities of them were brought for his table from the Barbados Islands in the West Indies.

He persuaded the Royal Gardener to grow the fruit in England and this was attempted. The presentation of the first Pineapple grown in England to the Stuart Monarch was made a great event.

To-day Neilson's also insist on Pineapples "good enough for a king" for use in the centres of certain of their chocolates.

The pick of the nut crops in Spain, the most luscious raisins from Australia, oranges and lemons from Sicily and other sunny lands, cherries from Italy, the finest cane sugar, whatever it is, only the best is brought to Neilson's.

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OH! THOSE LATIN STUDENTS

Haec in Galliam, importum est.
Hike into Gaul, it is important.
Caesar sic dicat unde cur agressi lictum.
Caesar sicked the cat on the cur: I guess he licked 'em.
Nota bene.
Not a bean.
Passus sum jam.
Pass us some jam.

* * * *

Sample of an indirect request: "Dad, I haven't any money."

* * * *

Bird—"What's the difference between a cat and a comma?"
Weatherburn—"One has its claws at the end of its paws, the other has its pause at the end of its clause.

* * * *

Quoth Miss Knight as she called the N. 11 roll: "Don't answer unless you're here."

* * * *

Molly Bramfit—"How was iron found?"
John Gray—"My father said they smelt it."

G. W. CLOSE

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Nancy Silcox: "Why do they say 'amen' instead o 'awomen?' "
Al Wilcox: "I dunno, why?"
Nancy: "Because they sing 'hymns,' not 'hers.' "

* * * *

The Fifth Formers have no time for P.T. this year, but they don't mind—they get lots of exercise running up and down the logarithms.

* * * *

"Life's a hard grind," said the emery wheel.
"It's a perfect bore," said the auger.
"It means nothing but hard knocks for me," said the nail.
"You have not as much to go through as I have," said the saw.
"Let's go on strike," said the hammer.
"Cut it out," cried the chisel, "here comes the boss."
And awl were silent.

* * * *

Westlake (seeing McEachern, who had been fishing)—"I see you just risked your life saving your little brother from drowning."
McEachern—"That wasn't my brother."
Westlake—"Some relation?"
McEachern—"No, he had my bait in his pocket."

* * * *

The school as a whole would like to see Mr. Horton doing the Cantor quack.

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Walter Davison—"Say, Arthur, if you found ten bucks in your pocket, what would you think?"

Art. Howarth—"I'd think I had somebody else's pants on."

* * * *

Mr. Lehmann (hearing loud noises on the 3rd floor)—"What are you doing up there, Dawkes?"

Dawkes (after falling down three more steps)—"Coming down, Sir."

* * * *

Confidence in your fellow-man: Hold a nail for a cross-eyed man to hammer.

* * * *

Brennen (at circus)—"Why has a giraffe such a long neck?"

Hare (absent-mindedly)—"Probably because its head is so far from its body."

* * * *

Native (to Mr. Horton)—"Well, what do you think of our town?"

Mr. Horton (touring the country)—"I think it is unique."

Native—"What do you mean by that?"

Mr. Horton—"Unique is a word formed from Latin, 'Unus,' meaning 'one,' and 'equus,' meaning horse.' "

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Stop. Through street.
School. Drive slowly.
Stop! Look! Listen! Railroad crossing.
No left turn.
Keep off the grass.
Slowly—soft shoulders.
No swimming allowed.
Quiet. Hospital zone.
Keep to the right.
Do not cut in.
No passing on hills.
Residential district—no heavy-duty trucks allowed.
No parking after 4.00 P.M.
Slowly, men at work.

* * * *

THE MUSE MOVIE REVIEW

Common Law.....*Bring Your Note*
The Champ.....*Standing*
Blonde Baby.....*June Cobbledick*
Monkey Business.....*In the Study*
A Great American Tragedy.....*Crammond*
Fifty Fathoms Deep.....*Evans*
Sunny Side Up.....*Brennan*
Hell's Angels.....*5A*
Lonely Troubador.....*Jack Cooke*
The Man Who Came Back.....*Doug. A.*
Beau Hunks.....*Hillier and Standing*
Caught Short.....*Russ. Grant*
Once a Lady.....*Miss Muirhead*
Hell Bent for 'Frisco.....*Madge Price*
Divorcée.....*Helen Johnson*

* * * *

It pays to have presence of mind: When Caesar saw that he could not escape from a steam-roller, which had knocked him down, he turned on his side so that his trousers would be pressed for the funeral.

* * * *

There was a young sculptor named Phidias,
Whose statues were perfectly hideous;
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie,
Which shocked the ultra-fastidious.

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Now I lay me down to sleep,
The lecture's dry, the subject's deep;
If he should stop before I wake,
Give me a push, for heaven's sake.

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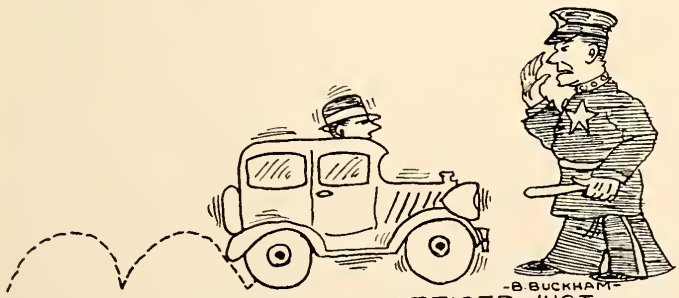

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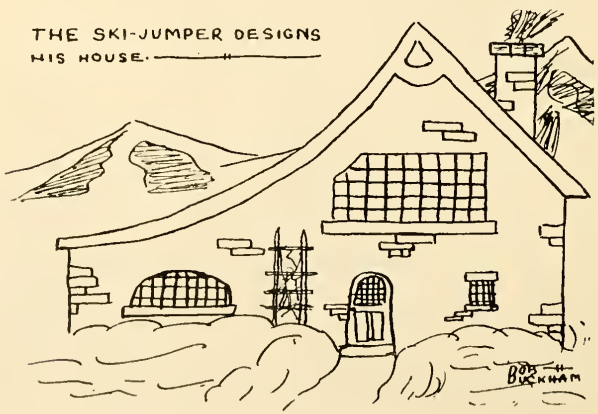

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Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy lies;
He started to shoe an army mule
And forgot to shoo the flies.

* * * *

Who takes a sheet of flimsy tin,
Immerses it in paint,
Then puts a little engine in
And calls it what it ain't?

—JACK WILSON, 2F.

* * * *

Miss Muirhead—"How many combinations can be made out of B.V.D.?"

* * * *

Miss Sutherland—"Priestman, it gives me great pleasure to give you 74 marks."

Priestman—"Give me 100 and have a real good time."

* * * *

Someone told us that Mr. Kerr thought he had left his watch at home and took it out to see if he had time to go after it.

* * * *

Mr. Fisher—"Failed again, eh? What's the excuse this time?"

Ted—"Well, what could you expect? They asked the same silly questions."

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It's the little things in life that trouble us: "You can sit on a mountain, but not on a tack."

* * * *

Mr. Clarke to Florence—"I used to teach your brother and sister, but they were all right."

* * * *

McDaniel, visiting London for the first time, goaded to desperation by the incessant necessity for tips, finally entered the wash-room of his hotel, only to be faced with a large sign which read: "Please tip the basin after using." "I'm hanged if I will!" said Mac, turning on his heel, "I'll go dirty first!"

* * * *

Mr. Brown—"What is the possessive form of Mr. Smith?"
Bright Pupil—"Mrs. Smith."

* * * *

Visitor calling at Dr. Fisher's house—"Is your father at home?"
Archie—"No, he's out giving an anæsthetic."
Visitor—"An anæsthetic! That's a big word. What does it mean?"
Archie—Ten dollars."

* * * *

Bill Dalgleish—"What foolish questions is Nourse asking the teacher now?"

Art Curliss—"Oh! he's asking if you get a barking cough from eating hot dogs."

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Al Crocker—"What are those holes in the fence for?"
Norm Allen—"Those are knotholes."
Al—"If they are not holes, then what are they?"

* * * *

Bill Stewart—"Why on earth is Johnny Standing in front of the mirror with his eyes closed?"
Laird H.—"He wants to see how he looks when he's asleep."

* * * *

First Former—"When is a strong nail weak?"
Second Ditto—"When it is in firm."

* * * *

Mary McGill—"What are you thinking about?"
Bill Boyd—"Nothing!"
Mary—"Well! don't be so self-centered."

* * * *

Miss MacGregor, reading a story—" 'Through the tiny window of the cell came a bar of sunlight striking against the stone wall as though to brighten the captive's dream.' Now, class, why was the poor man so anxious to look out?"
"Because he wanted to see who threw the soap," said the class as one man.

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Pedestrian—"Confound you, why don't you blow your horn?"
Jack Cooke—"Who do you think I am—Little Boy Blue?"

* * * *

Cy—"During the tea dance my suspenders broke."
Lloyd—"Weren't you horribly embarrassed?"
Cy—"Not very; you see, my brother had them on."

* * * *

St. Peter—"How did you get up here?"
Murphy—"Flu."

* * * *

Marg. Spence (relating an experience with a tramp)—"And then I fainted."
Helen Routh (excitedly)—"With your right or with your left?"

* * * *

Clitheroe—"Which of the Biblical parables do you like the best?"
Bill Baker—"That one where somebody loafs and fishes."

* * * *

Slow Waiter—"Your coffee, Sir. It's special from South America, Sir."
Mr. Blakeley (tired of waiting)—"Oh, so that's where you have been!"

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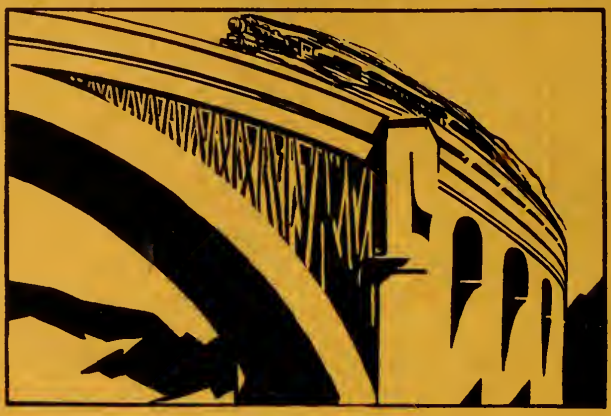

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